

# TORONTO'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General

POINT of numbers the Provincial Liberal Convention has been a huge success. Crowding, as it did, Massey Hall and the hotels with some 4,000 delegates and their friends, the Conservative Conference was in a sense pushed into a corner. The Opposition newspapers, of course, express anxiety as to what will become of the province with all the division court clerks, sheriffs, bailiffs, license inspectors and Government office-holders away from their jobs that Massey Hall might be full of willing workers who have confidence in the present Government and do not feel that "now is the time for a change." While a large number of the delegates have shown signs of being buckled up tight in the party harness and fastened to the trough with an official halter, it was early shown that an independent element was not lacking when Hon. J. M. Gibson, Attorney-General, tried to spring a carefully prepared committee on the convention, with the idea of controlling the nominations and resolutions. He was promptly called down, and when insisting on his project was peremptorily told to "sit down." Some ill-advised friends, coming to his assistance, there was an uproar sufficiently prolonged to enable Mr. Gibson to discover where he was at and somersault into an active support of the resolution opposed to his own. After the independent resolution for the committee to be composed of a representative from each constituency had been carried, Mr. W. S. Calvert butted in with a proposition to add the original Gibson nominations, and this raised a second uproar. Mr. Gibson again had to do the crashy act and request Mr. Calvert to withdraw his motion; and withdraw it he did, with the somewhat unhappy remark that he had only moved it "because he was asked to." It having been demonstrated that Mr. Gibson's withdrawal from active work in the Cabinet is not breaking the Grit heart, the delegates proceeded at every possible opportunity to display the utmost enthusiasm for the Premier, and incidentally to be noisily polite to the new members of the Ministry. These new members, Messrs. Charlton, Graham, McKay and Evans, cannot be described as electrifying the delegates by their introductory orations. For the best of reasons I was not at the convention and did not hear the speeches, but their names do not feel heavy, and I am told that their speeches sounded declively light—so light, indeed, that it has been pointed out that these deathbed—or at least sickbed—additions to the Cabinet furnish proof positive that a Whitely ministry could not possibly be constructed of any weaker material. However, the Ross Government is just now trying its dearest to look respectable rather than smart, it having been rumored that it had rather overdone the "smart" feature.

THE conventions, at the time of writing, have not reached a conclusion, and it would be unfair and unsatisfactory to venture more than a passing comment. The Grits have aroused enthusiasm and will go home feeling that they are winners. So much has been done to help Ross. Is it enough to make him a winner? I do not think so, but honest to state my reasons more fully next week. The pronounced temperance business is distinctly disturbing, and in a public sense unprofitable while valuable to prohibitionists only in the sense that it keeps the liquor question open. This, it seems to me, is not a gain, as many sober people are getting nauseated with this abnormally persistent and irritating problem. The aspect of the real work of the Liberal Convention is that of a crowd eager to believe and going away convinced without either repenting or reforming. The resolutions are meaningless and sound insincere, and nothing now is proposed as it looks that nothing good has been done. The whole thing reminds me of what the darky preacher called "a whitened saltmetre."

The Toron Conference is only getting under way, but it is steering for nowhere but office. The country will be electrified to know that it has descended corruption and incompetence. The Opposition having exemplified both stands condemned together with the Government.

Who proposes to do something? Who really stands for anything worthy? Talk is cheap and evidently either brains or courage or a combination of both is rare!

IF Liberalism is so overwhelmingly strong in Quebec as to threaten its own existence, Toryism is so strong in Toronto that disaffection of a domestic sort is resulting. To receive a political nomination at a Conservative convention in this city appears to be equivalent to being elected, and those who desire nominations are naturally anxious to control the machinery of the party. To do this it would seem that some rather shady methods have been recently employed at a ward organization meeting either by or at the suggestion of defeated or prospective Convention candidates who are of the opinion that Dr. Beattie Nesbitt is too much in sight and has too much to say. It is a pity that political machinery should be so complex as to require an expert engineer, for being in possession of the machine and able to run it is equivalent to being "boss" of the party. If Dr. Nesbitt has run the machine well, good nominations from a party standpunkt have resulted and success has been achieved, why should "Art" be blamed on him by the "upset" crowd who seem to think he is not an ideal politician? If what is alleged be true as to the methods employed to weaken, if not defeat, him, he is as good as those working against his renomination. No man is willing to take the time and trouble to run the machine without expecting to get something out of it, either for himself or his friends; and Dr. Nesbitt has been in the Legislature as his reward, and is perhaps several thousand dollars poorer in consequence of his efforts.

While the Conservative nominating conventions of this city have done nothing to be ashamed of in the last few years, of course it cannot be pleasant for a party to feel that it need not be consulted at large if the "engineers" can accomplish the same purpose if consulted in private. Particularly in Toronto, where there are so many people to be consulted and so many shades of political belief grouped under the one name, primary elections should be held at which every elector can vote for himself or whomever he sees fit to name on his ballot. The names of a certain number of candidates, say ten or a dozen, receiving the largest number of votes, might be put on the final ballot, so that there would be in each constituency a variety of choice. In this way minorities would not be so utterly ignored as they are here and in such large legislative areas as Quebec, where the preponderance of the dominant party is so great. Indeed, Premier Parent was at one time inclined to adapt the system shown to be so thoroughly practicable in France, and with modifications in several States of the neighboring Union. If these primary elections were held in the city at large, that is, without dividing Toronto into constituencies, both parties could put regular candidates in the field, defeated candidates at the conventions would have a chance, and independent men unwilling to wear any party name would be able, without disturbance, to test public opinion. As it is now, the names of those running the Liberal associations in this city, as I remarked once before, read like a few pages torn out of a Cork or Dublin direct or, indicating that the minority section of a political party locally in the minority, have most to say in the selection of regular candidates. Struggles for the control of Conservative ward associations and the central association in the Conservative party indicate that the machinery more than the voter is responsible for the selection of candidates. The machinery is made up of the least influential element with the greatest amount of leisure, and thus the small minority of the dominant majority is actually the factor that dominates the whole business, including the Liberal minority and the dominant sub-section of it, and the verdict of Toronto ex-

cept in the narrowest partisan sense is by no means representative of anything but historical Toryism uncolored by individuality. Certainly this sort of thing can be improved. We have had election experiments in this city till we are almost sick of them, but this is one which is so simple and absolutely necessary that it should be given a trial. Unfortunately, it is just the sort of thing which the political machines do not want.

ONE of the most interesting lectures delivered in Toronto of recent years was heard by an appreciative audience gathered together by invitation of the Philosophical Society to hear Dr. Hyslop, late Professor of Logic and Ethics in Columbia University, New York. About a year ago Professor Hyslop, who is one of the vice-presidents of the Society for Psychical Research, retired from the position he so ably filled in the university to take up as a specially Supernormal Psychology. His lecture, earnestly delivered, was practically a course of lectures condensed into one, and his audience, mostly composed of students, found it difficult to follow him closely during an address of over an hour. It was something like being whirled through space and trying to appreciate all the details of the scenery. Every word was interesting, thoughtful and suggestive; his method clear and mercilessly scientific, and his conclusion was somewhat surprising to those who expected a decision in favor of materialism. While he expressed himself as being in the situation of one starting out without a belief in the existence of consciousness—or spirit—apart from the brain or material embodiment, he stated that he found himself at present compelled to admit a spiritual existence, but absolutely willing if in the course of his researches he discovers any evidence to the contrary, to follow where reason leads. Professor Hyslop and the University society have both conferred a favor upon those citizens of Toronto who were privileged to attend the lecture, and it seems to me a pity that either the University or some organization formed for the purpose

Day may not have been a runaway car, but public opinion will run away from the whole subject as soon as the inquiry is over unless somebody is put in the dock. There are hints that the record and conduct of the motorman have properly led to his arrest, but the absurd part of it seems to me that the record and conduct of the Street Railway Company in failing to equip its cars with safety devices is, and has been, a public scandal, and yet there has been no movement on the part of the zealous authorities to put under arrest those who are responsible for this condition of things. Following is a list of the officials and directors who could, under the Code which has permitted the arrest of Motorman Armstrong, be treated in a similar manner. Why are they spared? William Mackenzie, president; Frederic Nicholls, vice-president; Hon. George A. Cox, W. D. Matthews, H. M. Pellatt, James Gunn, J. C. Grace, and Manager Keating.

IS there a proprietorship in principles as there is in medicines and patent articles? If there is, an organization should be formed called the Proprietary Principles Association, which might have an annual meeting and a banquet such as the Proprietary Articles Trade Association had this week. The latter was a very successful and profitable gathering of those who manufacture and sell articles which are in competition, many of them being advertised to effect cures of the same diseases. The Proprietary Principles Trade Association might very well have a preliminary session devoted to the apportionment to the various members of such patents as they claim to various methods of remedying public distempers. Much valuable editorial space is being wasted, for instance, in discussing who owns the Public Ownership scheme. The *World* some time ago styled its case with the public as having invented or acquired a patent right to this now popular principle, and other newspapers infringing on the discussion or claiming a right of advocacy are continually being called down. If the *World* has an exclusive right to the Public Ownership rem-

Empire it should mean that he is a truthful Tory, an unflinching patriot and a leather-lunged loyalist who has never taken either of his hands off the Union Jack. This brief outline of the basis upon which the Proprietary Principles Association could be formed should be sufficient to call together a convention as important if not as large as any of those that have met in Toronto this week.

On the other hand, those who write for newspapers and are content with being paid living salaries or reasonable profits, and are not ambitious to go down to history as the owners or inventors of a principle, might have a conference as to what rights, if any, they would have to use principles, political or otherwise, propositions municipal or otherwise, not invented by themselves, or so distinctly improved as to entitle them to a patent, if they fail to belong to the Proprietary Principles Trade Association. If it is demonstrated that either wholesalers or retailers of principles wrapped in newspapers cannot be prosecuted nor held up to public scorn for using arguments as old as the Bible and advocating methods as natural as breathing simply because they have been pre-empted by some ambitious advertiser, there will be much to encourage the formation of a protective association to prevent monopolists from monopolizing what is intended to prevent monopoly and should be as free as the air and as much a general utility as gas.

While there may be a less place awarded to these unambitious writers who do not desire to carve their names on the apex of the Mount Blank of political or journalistic fame, they may be able to accomplish considerable good of an ephemeral sort. There should be considerable satisfaction to the publisher or writer of articles which entertain or instruct the reader, mould public opinion, or serve to soften it so that it may be moulded by greater men. If there is a public abuse which requires correction the smaller fry may show wisdom and do good by recommending Maclean's Tonic Elixir, pointing to the *Globe* Life, or Robertson's Raly Relief; or if none of these or other proprietary prescriptions are quite applicable, by suggesting combinations of them, or the usefulness of honesty, the benefit of selecting good candidates or strenuously objecting to the election of bad ones. Editorial suggestions are always in order as to the battering of the school system; hints as to the conduct of the Industrial Fair, the selection of a Library site, honest criticism of theatrical performances, and other public functions—all these things and many others might be touched upon without any danger of prosecution from the Proprietors of Great Principles. The ordinary newspaper would still have the proud feeling of being entitled to have a libel suit of its own, a strike amongst its employees, or, when dull care grows heavy, a fire. Probably the proprietor of the sworn circulation scheme might close that avenue of pride and profit, but still it seems evident that newspaper life would not be an utter blank even to those who could get no higher than the Protective Association. As the inventor of this brilliant and useful scheme, of course I hope to get in amongst the Immortals, though otherwise I have no claim to be the parent or proprietor of any Great Moral Principle. I hope I have filed my nomination papers sufficiently early, and it is distinctly understood that there is to be no cash deposit or monkeying with the ballots in this scheme.

IT is unpleasant to think that people we have been in the habit of trusting must hereafter be scrutinized more carefully lest they give us the worst of it. Even the most unsuspecting with the best surroundings have moments, it is said of intense unhappiness when they see some signs of infidelity in a friend. There are perhaps none of us free from the recollections of misery we have endured when convinced of the perfidy of those upon whom we have leaned. At any rate, we have all had enough experience to know how worthless the world would be if we lacked a reasonable confidence in each other, with an occasional implicit belief in the loyalty of a few—if even one! Ordinarily the tribal instinct is strong enough in us to make us prefer our own countrymen to foreigners, and the belief is so general that blood is thicker than water that we usually trust our relatives more readily than those of a different family, and we speak of trusting a man as we would a brother. Following these old-fashioned beliefs, Canadians have prided themselves upon being less corrupt in politics than our neighbors, and individually we have consoled ourselves that our family relations were of a gentler and more enduring sort than in the land of easy divorces and loose morals to the south of us. Ontario is supposed to be the banner province of the Dominion, yet our politics have recently shown signs of rivalling in uncleanness the electoral frauds of the loosest and most degraded sections of the United States. For two weeks I said nothing about the bogus ballot boxes, believing that the whole affair was but an election robock and its aftermath. It seemed to me incredible that such a thing could happen in this law-abiding and God-fearing Province of Ontario, while I could have readily believed the story if told of an election in New York or Michigan. This faith in my native Ontario is but a proof that I have not succeeded in eradicating my provincialism, for probably the people of New York and Michigan are no worse than we are here, but merely at a different stage of political development. Apparently we should not be too ready to consider that we are not as other men are, or to assert our moral superiority over the republicans and sinners who are doing business across the line. We are probably only a little bit behind the times—degenerate times perhaps—for the *Vestal* box has come through all the stages of political corruption which our bolder politicians have recently been reproducing in this country without, apparently, exciting public opinion any more than the same things disturbed and disturbed the better class of people in the United States. It is evident that the authorities intend to inflict exemplary punishment upon those found guilty in connection with the trick ballot boxes, and probably there will be no more disturbance over the matter—for a time. The punishment should be as severe as that meted out to counterfeiters—even harsher, for the making of bogus money is a less serious offense than the making of bogus majorities, the one making the holder of the discredited counterfeit bill slightly poorer, the other threatening the whole political fabric.

The most disheartening feature of the affair is the double offence of the man Phil Lott, who first of all conceived—if we accept his own story—against the state as represented by the community in which he lived by agreeing to assist in the ballot box fraud and then giving the whole thing away to the political opponent of his brother R. O. Lott, who was a candidate for the Commons in West Hastings. That in the height of an election contest Phil Lott should have had his conscience somewhat dented by his eagerness to assist his political party and elect his brother, would have been natural. Even though carried to the wretched extent of assisting to substitute trick ballot boxes for the genuine ones, this exhibition of over-eagerness to win would have been considered a serious but not unnatural crime. "Selling" on his brother—presuming his story to be true—is unnatural, and in its tendency to shake people's confidence in those nearest to them, damnable; if his story is not true, it is more damnable still. His cheap talk about his "conscience troubling him" fails to even veneer an act of unaccountable treachery which will be remembered against him and those bearing his name as long as any of them or their children's children survive. A man who commits an offence against his family and brands himself as devoid of that sacred sentiment which should exist between brothers is an enemy to society and a curse to a community. This is not said in palliation of the miserable consciousnessless stupidity of those who think they can win preference either for their party or themselves by doing this, but to distinguish the gravity of an offence which may do damage into the heart of society than anything that may be sloughed off as "mere politics." It is unnecessary to rush it into R. O. Lott, the defeated candidate, who has already spent a night in the cells and suffered the shame and humiliation of having even his political friends refuse for a time



THE VESTAL VIRGINS OF THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Ross (in his Massey Hall speech)—We must keep the Vestal fires burning.

does not afford a much wider circle of our studious citizens an opportunity to listen to leading thinkers talk on scientific subjects. For a university city, Torontonians have fewer opportunities of this sort than are afforded to the residents of hundreds of college towns in the United States, where the people are much less numerous, not as a rule as highly educated, nor any better able to pay for the privilege. Such a series of lectures every winter could be made exceedingly popular and would greatly tend to what our university and educational sharpers term "culture." Good and clever as we are, we need a little more of it.

LAST week's suggestion that Mr. W. D. McPherson had embodied everything in his platform that he could think of, but was probably willing to add anything that anybody else could think of, is possibly the basis of the following *Telegram* paragraph: "The offer of cheap car tickets was not embellished by Mr. McPherson's promise to settle as reforms, try to seize upon the Public Ownership Plan as logically coming under that head when the *World* had spent so much energy in advertising its mixture of expedience and principle as the only true municipal and national tonic and graft-germ exterminator? The *Globe* should be aware that its attitude is regarded as unseemly and selfish."

In spite of his wondrous platform, made of many woods of many colors, culled from many forests far and near, the base suggestion has been pushed to the front that "Phairson trade himself and his platform off to help elect somebody else with less to say but more likely to help elect votes as a Tory candidate. 'Tis thus we toil and enter not in! O tempora! O morest! O dam!"

ONE of the recurrent evidences that perils in the past or dangers in the future have very little effect on the public mind is to be found in the triple killing and the serious wounding of many street-car passengers at the East Toronto crossing of the Grand Trunk. The arrest of the motorman has tended to direct the public mind to him as the one mainly responsible for the accident, and the danger of level crossings has for the moment excited general attention. Ever since the straightening of the Don—and particularly at that time—I can remember recurrent agitations for the protection of the public at these eastern crossings. The people have always been too busy to pay any attention to prospective danger, and if a subway there and a general protective system is the outcome of the accident the change will be brought about with less loss of life than the majority of those conversant with the situation had expected. When the car ran away on Bathurst street the dear public felt the jolt almost as acutely as if they had been on board, but no lives were lost and no bruises remained to mar the ratenayer that he deserves a street car system with proper brakes. Runaway cars have not been rare. The car that carried the three passengers to death on Thanksgiving

should be admitted by other newspapers and the scheme be given a distinctive and appropriate proprietary name, such as Maclean's Utilities Tonic, the *World's* Corporation Exterminator, or Billie's Big-Bug Buster, or any eponymous but hitherto unused title. A patent or copyright would hardly be needed; though the scheme has not been entered in the office of the Minister of Agriculture, according to the statistics made and provided, Mr. Maclean has entered himself in an agricultural constituency, which should be sufficient. Neither should it matter that Public Ownership and Operation of Public Utilities was advocated, if not in operation, before the *World* had an existence—many of the ingredients of the proprietary medicines, to be profitable, made sufficiently popular by advertising and attractive labels were being prescribed before any of us were born. Why should the *Globe*, which claims the right to subscription royalties on everything put forward as Reforms, try to seize upon the Public Ownership Plan as logically coming under that head when the *World* had spent so much energy in advertising its mixture of expedience and principle as the only true municipal and national tonic and graft-germ exterminator? The *Globe* should be aware that its attitude is regarded as unseemly and selfish.

The *Telegram* last Saturday, too, appeared as claimant of a plan or principle regarding death-trap crossings, and very properly spoke in an injured tone because of the lack of recognition it had found after it "made a winning fight for their safety," i.e., the safety of the people, who would otherwise have ridden in street cars over railroad tracks at a level crossing at Queen street. The important victory it gained, according to its own modest claim, was in preventing the street cars crossing the tracks at all, thus reducing the danger to the killing of people individually instead of in carloads. Hereafter people should always speak, not of crossing tracks on the level and afoot, but in the simpler words of crossing by the *Telegram* plan. In this way a large amount of verbiage would be saved. How much easier it will be for a man on a public platform, instead of stating that he has lived a life of absolute political purity, public unselfishness, private honesty, religious exaltation, and devotion to all that is noble and uplifting, to declare that he has followed the *Globe's* plan, or that he has led a *Globe life!* This would be simple, expressive, and inexpensive, and yet would represent a perfect type of the ideal candidate. The *Mail and Empire* has claims, established by its long advocacy of pure elections and its hatred of bribery and corruption, to be awarded a proprietary right in, and the privilege of giving its name to, the antithesis of what it has condemned, so that when a man says that he is a *Mail and Empire* he is not only a good man, but a good man who has done his duty to his country and to his fellow citizens.



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## Sporting Comment.

THE indirect advertising which the snap-back rules have received from their many adverse critics was the prime cause of a crowd of two thousand turning out on Saturday last to see the game between Toronto and Hamilton. There must have been hundreds present who had never seen the new code put in practice. Most of them went home assured that it "won't do." The journalistic apologists of the snap-back rules display as much adroitness as any politician in changing their ground when it comes down to a discussion of the merits and demerits of the new system. Thus, two years ago, we were assured that the days when beef beat lightness, speed and skill were gone forever. It is now the painful duty of the friends of the new game to point out that weight may be an unfortunate characteristic of the victorious Hamilton men, but, they assert, the Hamilton crowd would have won had they averaged ten pounds lighter. The which is most elegant rot. The small and game Toronto men simply had not the brawn to stand the grueling given them by their lusty opponents. The Tigers were the men down to tatters. Then they proceeded to make marvelous runs, to execute wonderful criss-cross passes, and to plough through their wearied, fatigued, criss-cross passes, and to plough through their wearied defeat a junior twelve.

Toronto knew the game much better than some of the journalistic critics are ready to allow. Certainly, its back division worked clumsily, but that was inevitable when two lads from St. Andrew's and Upper Canada College were drafted to play behind a lot of men whom they hardly knew by sight. The youngsters did nobly, but no team can win matches without co-ordination. As tacklers, the Toronto men were quite as skillful as their opponents. They would go at a Ham'l on rammer in the most correct style. They would "hail" him, but they couldn't stop him, because they were not strong enough nor heavy enough. In the days of the much-cited scrimmage game, the same thing has been seen. The stronger team were able to execute meteoric runs, kicks and tackles, while the spectators stood on their hind legs and yelled. The advocates of the new rules who, since last Saturday's match, have been half crazy with admiration of them, will be able always to gaze with delight on such games if they will take care to provide that one twelve shall be distinctly inferior to its opponent. Only under such conditions can such fancy work as struck the new rule advocates with delight, be indulged in. Take other games, and we could see the same result. Let the Chippewas or Tecumsehs or Brantfords play a junior lacrosse team and proceed to "show off." Would not the spectators see some marvelous stick-handling and dodging and shooting? You can bet they would. And, if two or three sporting reporters so desired, they could write elaborate columns about the beauties of the game. But the beauties would be all on one side. The game would be an exhibition of skill on the part of the victors, but it would not be a genuine match. There would be lacking the element of anything akin to even competition. Without that element there cannot be a sporting event.

The Argonauts, who number in their retired ranks some of the best authorities on Canadian football, are going to press, at the annual meeting of the Ontario Rugby Football Union, for a revision to the scrimmage game. I fear that they will not be successful, for the younger clubs are easily influenced by the little Juntas that run the Union. The cry that it is easier to get together a team under the new rules than under the old will be worked for all it is worth. Let us see what it amounts to. In the old days—ten years or so ago—there was a handicap for towns of the size of London and Guelph. Toronto had, most of the time, only one senior team. At certain periods Osgoode shone, but the club's life was short. "Varsity was in a class by herself. Thus, the one Toronto team, whether Toronto, Argonaut, or T. A. C., had a very large field to pick from. But how is it now? There are three senior teams in the city. They are about equal in point of ability, and it would be ridiculous to say that any one of them is much different in strength from Peterborough or London. Perhaps the fairest way to put it would be to say that each of the five clubs named has about the same sized field of players to draw from. London has the advantage, if any club has. Now, if each of these clubs had to add two men to their twelve in order to play under the re-drafted scrimmage rule, would it put any one of them at a disadvantage? The idea is preposterous. They would be just as successful as they are today.

The snap-back system may last another year. Its doom is certain. It is not productive of good football. The best that can be said about it is that it has yielded gratification to certain gentlemen who are filled with love of everything American and are anxious to exploit their theories. They know that the Yankee game would never be adopted in this province, so they go as near the American code as possible. If they are anxious to receive congratulations on their skill as cooks of football rules, I beg to extend mine. They have turned out an excellent hash.

Queen's has carried off a well-earned inter-collegiate championship. In defeating McGill, the Calvinists showed that brains work is a long way ahead of formal practice. I am told that the dropped goal, which was the winners' principal score, was one of the prettiest plays seen in Ottawa this year. And the wisecracks who believe that they are competent to draft rules for the Ontario Union have scored that low as so to kill it on O.R.F.U. fields! However, we have seen the last of those same rules for a year or so. And nobody is likely to give vent to tears over that fact.

"Mrs. Gaywood, I hear, is going to marry a poet." "Oh, dear, you don't say so! I always thought I'd feel sorry for any man she might marry, but bless me if I don't feel kind of sorry for her."

I fear that my friends the golfers are responsible for the decadence of the Toronto Cricket Club. Not so many years ago, the T. C. C. was the strongest sporting organization in the country, so far as membership went. On May 24 the club usually put four, and sometimes five, elevens in the field. The membership roll mounted into the hundreds. And where is the club to-day? In the averages for last season, published the other day, only ten men figured in the batting list. I remember the time when that list would fill more than half a column of a daily newspaper. The bowling results for last season were on the same plane. The club has a beautiful ground, which cannot be surpassed in Canada, but, as I am informed, there are not many more than a score of paying members on the club-roll. Cannot something be done to pique the T. C. C. in its old position? The game it is, if not languishing, for there are a score of clubs in the city. The quality of the cricket is not what it once was, mainly because the Toronto Club is not furnishing an incentive to weak organizations to defeat it. If the right men were able to take hold of the T. C. C., we should soon see it in its old place. But the old standbys seem to have retired, for sport to the links, and for business to their offices.

Mrs. Bixby—I see that in England the Archbishop of Canterbury goes after the Royal family. Bixby—What's the Royal family been doing?

An English Association football enthusiast is touring Canada, arranging for a visit of a team following the "Scots" code next summer. It is stated that Montreal's lovers of the game have guaranteed a thousand dollars towards the visitors' expenses. Toronto and Ottawa are expected to provide eight hundred dollars each, while Galt, Hamilton, Berlin, and other places will be assessed for smaller amounts. This all looks very well, but a man would need a pretty strong telescope to find Toronto's eight hundred. Even in the autumn not four hundred persons would turn out in this city to see an Association game if a gate were charged. Against the merits of Association football I have no word to say. It is immensely popular in England and Scotland, where it gives a livelihood to scores of professionals. Amateurs also play it to a great extent. But the game has never been in favor with Canadians who live in our centers of population. We have turned out some first-rate Association players, as the two visits of Canadian teams

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

to England some twelve or fifteen years ago amply proved. At least three of the Canadians received flattering offers to stay across the water and become professionals. Of course they refused. One of them was Edmund Seneker, now Gold Commissioner in the Yukon. Another was Dr. W. P. Thomson. If I remember rightly, a player from Berlin or Galt accepted the offer and "made good" in England.

But the gentlemen who propose to tour Canada next summer had better come prepared with ample funds. The team, if present plans are carried out, will strike Ontario in August. Think of Association football in a Canadian August! The idea is enough to warm one up, even in these chill November days. The teams had better take out insurance policies, and have special sunstroke wards ready in the hospitals. Up the country, in Galt, Hespeler and Berlin, they play Association in the cool of the summer evenings, but towns of that size cannot turn out anything decent in the way of gates. The English gentlemen will see the country, but they will see mighty few of the country's people inside the fences of the grounds on which they will play.

OLYMPIAN.

"Have you spoken to her father?" "What's the use? She has a million in her own name."

## The Princess.

By ARTHUR KETCHUM.  
When I am come to the House of the Dead,  
Promise me this—the Princess said:

Once a year when the land grows green,  
And the pulse of the world beats strong once more,  
Come to the place of my frozen sleep,  
Lift the latch of my silent door.

Carry me forth to the world I loved,  
The bright warm world that I left behind;  
Give me the glimpse of the sun again,  
The open sky and the touch of the wind.

Take me back to the streets I knew,  
The noise and the clamor, the gay unrest;  
The laughter and cries and the broken songs  
Of the old glad life I loved the best.

Let me go brave in a silken pomp,  
Of purple vesture and gold attire;  
Hean roses till I be fair once more,  
Make me warm with my jewel's fire.

Let slim brown slave-girls dance before,  
And well-skilled flute-players pipe my mirth;  
So let me go in the springtime sun  
Back to the life of the lovely earth!

When ye come to a place that my women know,  
Where the tall palms crowd in the temple square,  
And a rose vine swings like a pendant flame,—  
Let me rest for a moment there!

Be sure that my sightless eyes will see,  
And my silent heart with a gladness leap,  
At the touch and the sound of it all again,  
Ere you bring me back to my House of Sleep.

Carry me forth as befits my state,  
Slave-girls and flute-players on before;  
Just one day in the happy world,  
Then turn in peace from my silent door.

When I am come to the House of the Dead,  
Promise me this—the Princess said

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"Let's hide in the work basket," said the mischievous girl to the fun-loving stocking. "Not by a long shot," replied the little thread. "I'll be darned if I do."

DYR—So Higbee has become bankrupt! Wyld—Yes. He tried to run a forty-horse power auto on a five-horse power salary.

## Evening Dress.

ME confusion results from the multiplicity of names given the garment popularly called the "Tuxedo coat." Where this name comes from I do not exactly know, but it is unsuited and pointless. A better name is the "evening jacket," for the garment literally is a jacket (short coat) for evening wear, but many men, for mystic reason, do not take kindly to "evening jacket," and the logical substitute then is "club jacket," as the garment is now almost entirely restricted to club use—*—*gatherings of men alone with a cigar to smoke and a story to tell—club jacket seems to me to be a more suitable name, and as fit to the garment as the skin to the grape.

The grey club suits mentioned a few months ago are simply a fail, and do not carry with them the endorsement of conservative men. When we swerve from black and white in evening dress we open the door to dangerous innovations. These two colors and those alone are sanctioned; and rightly so, for they express the highest elegance in dress, and mark the truest refinement.

Periodically there are mutterings from young men, who fancy that they fix the fashion, against the simple severity of formal evening clothes, but nothing is done and nothing will be done to change it. Well-dressed men are granite-like in opposing every attempt to strip evening dress of its plausibility. Once in a while some young fellow may set up his own notions as the fashion and take liberties with evening dress, but the stony stare of disapproval is constantly upon him. Most of the radical innovations come from quarters that deprive them of all title to even the most casual consideration.

This year everything in clothes for men that can be made single-breasted is made that way, and so we have the single-breasted evening coat.

waistcoat as the most correct form to wear with both the Tuxedo and full dress suit. Many men make the mistake of having their evening waistcoats cut too high, producing a very ugly effect; the opening should be as large as possible and well shaped, to give a symmetrical effect. Three buttons are better than two, and no braiding or fancy stitching should appear on a white waistcoat which is intended to wash.

IN EVENING DRESS SHIRTS the only "coat" type is to be considered. It has permanently supplanted all other styles on trial on its merits. It is instructive to look back and note how slowly and laboriously this excellent model has made its way to the front, and what difficulty dealers have experienced in introducing the coat shirt to the trade. When it first appeared there was a good deal of quiet ridicule at its expense, and it was put down as a "freak." But the very real advantages of this cut of the garment soon attracted the notice of the smarter men, and word of mouth has now made it a permanent feature.

FASHIONABLE EVENING TIES are of the large straight, or slightly graduated, order, with large center. This shape looks well with the "wing" or high-fold collar when worn with Tuxedo or with the "Poke" for full dress, and is more manly in appearance than the Butterfly, or small, bow of last season.

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There is no room left for doubt as to the usefulness of Malt Extract in weakness and nervous diseases. We provide you use Malt Extract, carefully and honestly made from Barley Malt.

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## The Diamond Horse-tooth

If interested in Men's Diamond Rings ask to see our "Horse-tooth setting."

It commands very general favor, being more substantial in appearance than the "Invisible" setting, and yet admitting the light equally well.

It is a sort of a "composite" setting in fact, combining the good features of the "Invisible" and the "Gypsy Claw."

No. 30540 in our latest catalogue is a good illustration of the value we are able to offer at \$60.00.

If living at a distance cultivate the Mail Order Habit.

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## XMAS DIAMOND DESIGNS

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SOME OF THE SEASON'S DEBUTANTES.

Photo by Galbraith.

### Social and Personal.

RS. ARTHUR GOWAN STRATHY will hold her post-nuptial receptions at the home of Mr. Jack MacKellar, a cousin of Mr. Strathy, 144 Bloor street west, on next Thursday and Friday afternoons, December 1 and 2.

The Ysaye concert, with Miss Hope Morgan and M. Jules de Beve as the great violinist, was so attractive to the musical and social world, not only of Toronto, but of three or four other Ontario cities, that a record audience assembled in the Massey Hall on Monday night. Beside the public in all sorts of garb, from the tweed business togs of the incorrigible lazy one to the smartest dress suit of the season, and from the lustre blouse to the bare bones of the woman who dresses not wisely but too well, beside these there were blooming fresh flower gardens of schoolgirls from the various large colleges of this center of study. In rows and groups, delicately tinted blue, pink or white, the girls were gathered under the eye of teacher or principal. They sighed ecstatically over the violinist and twinkled joyously at that refined and exquisite songstress, Miss Hope Morgan. Among the audience were Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh, who chaperoned a party of young folks, including Miss Osler, Miss Gwynne at Dundas, Miss Marjorie Cochrane, Mr. Cattanach and Mr. Atwells, Mrs. Robert Smith of Stratford and her tall son; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, the Messrs. Beardmore, Mr. Albert Macdonald and Miss Pearl Macdonald, Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell and Mrs. James, Captain Le Duc, Professor Deschamps, Judge and the Misses Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Reaves, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Mathews, the Misses Mackenzie and Baroness von Münchhausen, Mrs. and Miss Kerr of Rathnelly, Mr. Vincent Greene, Mrs. and Miss Barwick, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Miss Ross, Miss McCutcheon, Mr. Arthur Williamson, Mr. Albert and the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glendyth and the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Miss Robinson, the Misses Lorna and Marjorie Gibbons of London, Dr. Torrington, Mrs. Ottorington, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Dr. Macdonald, Mrs. Harry Totten, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Miss Ross, Miss McCutcheon, Mr. Arthur Williamson, Mr. Albert and the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glendyth and the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Miss Robinson, the Misses Lorna and Marjorie Gibbons of London, Dr. Torrington, Mrs. Ottorington, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Dr. Macdonald, Mrs. Harry Totten, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss 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November 26, 1904

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



"**T**HE instrument is getting drunk," said the executive officer, as he joined the group on the after superstructure. "Trouble is coming from somewhere."

"Mr. Clarkson, I protest," said the chaplain warmly. "In my capacity of Gospel interpreter I protest against calling Finnegan an instrument of Providence. Why do you permit him to drink?"

"Captain's orders," said the officer.

"So that he may become an instrument of Providence, Mr. Pardee," added the surgeon, slapping the chaplain good-humoredly on the back. "Think of the many times he has saved this ship and all hands by doing something when drunk that he couldn't do if sober."

"Of course, you are right. Providence seems to choose Finnegan in some mysterious manner to— But it is bewildering. I cannot understand it. How does he know what to do?"

"You forget the subjective state," said the surgeon, "into which Finnegan is thrown when drunk. You forget the clairvoyant knowledge possessed by the subliminal self—that you call the immortal soul."

"Speak English," said the chief engineer. "Where did Finnegan get a soul?"

"Go down to your engines," answered Dr. Bryce severely. "Even they have souls—even engineers have souls, though they don't know it."

"But seriously, doctor," said the engineer, "I thought clairvoyance was all humbug. What is this subliminal self?"

"The primordial brain, inheriting through all organic change—of which instincts are but manifestations—that cares for drunken men and fools, that brings back the cat and the carrier pigeon, that has knowledge of all things, thoughts, or conditions in heaven or earth of interest to that brain's owner."

"Does it prophesy?" asked the chaplain. "Hasn't Finnegan displayed prophetic insight?"

"Not at all—only clairvoyant knowledge of existing conditions that threaten trouble. The dumb pressure of this inward knowledge makes him uneasy, and he drinks, befriends his objective mind, and gets in closer touch with this knowledge—in the subjective or hypnotoid state. The subliminal self is dumb—it can only impart its knowledge by affirmation."

"How? Explain this," said the puzzled engineer.

"By affirmation. When the objective mind, or brain, speculates or guesses rightly—that is, when the stream of consciousness happens to touch upon anything in connection with the hidden self known only to the subliminal self, there will be an uprush of feeling that affirms, confirms, clinches—and we act, or merely know. When this knowledge is of facts or conditions we call it intuition, when of a thought in the mind of another we call it telepathy."

"'Whew!' said the engineer, waving both hands and shaking his head. 'It's too much for me.' He departed in mock haste.

"Mr. Clarkson," said the surgeon to the first lieutenant, "if Finnegan is drinking, he is subject to an inward pressure. What trouble threatens this ship or her people?"

"None, that I know of," answered the executive slowly, looking around on the calm sea and blue sky. "All hands are well, this ship is invulnerable to anything but Whitehead torpedoes, and we can sink any craft carrying them before she can get near us. The forward thirteen-inch gun-mount is out of order, but we'll find the difficulty when we're out far enough. The barometer is falling, but I don't anticipate a gale, and it needs a typhoon and a cross sea to disturb this ship. No, I see no trouble—though Finnegan may. Here he is, now." They peered down over the break of the superstructure at a gray-haired, emaciated old man, with a vacant smile on his face, being pursued around the after-turret by the master-at-arms.

"Out of this, Finnegan," said the ship's chief of police as he caught him. Then he pushed him gently forward.

"'Yes' wanted to tell the cap'n 'bout it," mumbled Finnegan. "Battleships are bad gun-platforms—he wants to know it."

The first lieutenant and surgeon exchanged glances.

"What's in his mind?" asked the former. "Battleships are the best gun-platforms afloat."

"Don't know," returned the surgeon thoughtfully. "Better watch him."

"I won't have time," said the lieutenant. "You watch him. I have troubles of my own."

"All right—I will. Don't lock him up."

The group separated, and Mr. Clarkson went to the forward thirteen-inch turret, where a damaged gun-mount demanded attention; and, this attended to, his mind was taken up with the target practice of all the gun crews for the next three hours. At the end of that time two distinct and apparently irrelevant facts were brought to his busy mind—one by messenger from the officer of the deck, that the barometer was below 20, the other that Finnegan was still drunk, but no drunker. The latter fact was attested by the appearance of the old man himself in the turret, where the executive officer and the gun crews were perspiring over the work. Both guns had been loaded with solid shot, and were to be fired at extreme elevation.

"Good guns!" remarked Finnegan, as the men took positions for firing. "Good guns—shoot a long way—but can't hit torpedo boats."

"Yes," answered Mr. Clarkson, eyeing him severely. "Good guns—shoot ten miles—over the horizon. Get out of here."

The harmless and useless old fellow

and—I dunno, I felt I oughter—that is, 'fore I did it—then I felt like a fool.' 'Why did you feel that you ought to fire it? What did you think was wrong?'

"I felt—all night—yes, sir—all night I kinda dreamed o' firin' it—gettin' rid o' the weight. 'Twas on my mind when I turned out, and I jes' couldn't help it, sir."

"Had you taken a drink this morning? Speak truly—you know you are permitted to drink."

"I took three nips, sir—one 'fore breakfast."

"Then you were in normal condition. Finnegan, yesterday you said something about battleships being bad gun-platforms. What did you mean? Had your firing the gun any connection with that idea?"

Finnegan looked bewildered, but did not answer.

"You said, too," went on the surgeon, "that the big guns could shoot a long way, but could not hit torpedo boats. Do you remember what put the idea into your head?"

The old fellow looked helplessly around.

"Forgotten, I suppose," continued the surgeon. "Well, all right. Then we are to take, as your reason for firing the gun, that you considered the weight of the shot and powder a danger?"

"Yes, sir," answered Finnegan, his face clearing. "She was loggy in the seaway—she was top-heavy. I couldn't get it off my mind, sir—honest, I jes' couldn't stop thinkin'."

"Very well—that is all," said the surgeon. "Mr. Clarkson"—he turned to the executive officer—"has he improved the stability of the ship? Has he done any real good?"

"No," answered the lieutenant, eyeing the cringing old man severely. "He has lessened the moment of inertia but a trifle and the danger was past."

"Then it was an auto-suggestion, delivered to his subliminal self when the danger was real—and it persisted. He spoke last evening of bad gun-platforms, which is a thought connected with top-heaviness; and of guns shooting far, but being unable to hit torpedo boats—equally connected. Auto-suggestion and association of ideas, gentlemen, that is all."

"All!" said the irreverent chief engineer. "Isn't that enough? I thought he was only drunk."

"Not at all—simply the victim of persistent subliminal promptings, first delivered as an auto-suggestion to the subconscious mind by its objective follow, and finding ready and reactive relief through a train of associated—"

"Oh, Lord, sir!" broke in the victim piteously. "I didn't do all that, sir. I only took three drinks."

But because the victim of auto-suggestion, subliminal promptings and association of ideas had disturbed church and the doubtful peace of the ship's company on that stormy Sabbath morning, he was consigned to the brig—where he went to sleep; and Dr. Bryce, having solved the problem to his satisfaction, sought his room to incorporate the result in a thesis he was preparing on the subject. But sleep and thesis were both impinged upon by a huge antithetical fact forgotten by Finnegan and unconsidered by the doctor. Finnegan awoke with a groan of disgust and the doctor arose with a sigh, for there sounded through the ship the bugle call to quarters, followed by the continuous rattle of all small and secondary guns. Going to the bridge, Dr. Bryce found those of his brother officers not at stations inspecting through the rain squalls a line of long, low, four-finned craft about a mile ahead, the most sinister and evil-appearing of all seagoing war craft, torpedo-boat destroyers.

"Great guns!" exclaimed Mr. Clarkson as the surgeon reached his side. "Is it possible that Finnegan had clairvoyant knowledge that they were there and tried to hit them? He said that the big guns would shoot a long way."

"But he also said," answered the doctor, with doubt and speculation in his face, "that torpedo boats couldn't be hit. One thought, as a subliminal inspiration, would annul the other."

"Let everything he's said or done has relevance except one: Why did he fire that big gun?"

"Because he was drunk," growled the listening engineer. "You fellows will get the fantods if you don't look out. They're catching. I shall avoid you."

"Do so," answered the surgeon loftily.

"You are only an engineer. God made you, an engineer. God made you, an engineer. God made you, an engineer."

"Laughing as he went, the engineer left the bridge for the engine-room, where he was needed; and for similar reasons Mr. Clarkson left further immediate consideration of Finnegan to the surgeon, and devoted himself to the problem in hand, which promised to be serious. The sea was still heavy, running in two directions; but not only the big battleship, but the smaller, lighter and faster craft ahead were tossed and tumbled about in a manner to make accurate gun-fire impossible. But herein lay the difference and the problem in hand. While the *Argyll* had nothing but gun-fire with which to withstand those swift and elusive enemies, and was left helpless by its elimination, they, on the contrary, weakly endowed in this form of aggressiveness, dominated the situation by possession of a weapon of war unaffected by the non-stability of gun-platforms—deadly mechanical gun that, undisturbed by wave motion or deflecting obstacle, maintain the original direction given them by the tubes from which they are propelled; that seek a twenty-foot depth and keep it while they travel at a thirty-knot rate; that carry in their heads a charge of gun-cotton, explosive on impact, that can tear out the side of the strongest battleship afloat—Whitehead torpedoes.

There were four destroyers in sight through the smother, each a magnified torpedo boat, able to take to the sea, but carrying the usual pair of tubes and store of torpedoes. And there was strong evidence that they meant to use them. There were signals displayed from the small yards, crossed up forward, and the two rear boats circled around, taking up positions on the bow and quarter of the *Argyll*, while the two ahead shot across her path to reach similar positions on the other side. It was to be a simultaneous rush of boats

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### OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

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HERBERT C. JAQUITH, Confederation Life Bldg.

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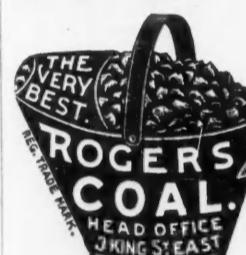
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from four directions, and perhaps from five, for farther ahead, only occasionally taking form through the driving rain and spume, seemed to be another long, low craft. Perhaps there were even others, farther along and out of sight—called by the voice of the thirteen-inch gun.

The *Argyll* barked and spat with her small and secondary guns, but not an enemy was hit. Not a gun could be aimed in that furious turmoil of tossing water, which hove the ship down broadside to forty-five degrees and pitched her fore and aft to twenty. Ballistic formulas were worthless; gunners could only load, and fire, at an approximate moment of swing. And soon firing was stopped because it was a sheer waste of ammunition. The officers uneasily paced the bridge.

"Battleships are bad gun-platforms," said Mr. Clarkson significantly to the surgeon, as for a moment their eyes met in passing.

"And big guns can't hit torpedo boats," answered the surgeon when they passed again. "And they really do make us top-heavy."

"But big guns shoot a long way," returned the executive, next time they passed. "What the devil did he mean?"

"Don't know. Wait—it'll work out. He meant something."

"Here they come!" called the captain suddenly. "Resume firing—every gun that will bear."

The mist in the air had thickened, blotting out the fifth craft ahead, and all but obliterating the four others which it was dimly seen had turned end-on to the *Argyll* and were coming each from its quarter-point in the circle of which the big tumbling ship was the center. A menacing sight they appeared to these trained officers, versed in the possibilities of torpedo warfare: each a geometrical figure between two high white waves, that enlarged to the vision as does an approaching express train. And it was at express train speed that they came; a very few minutes would decide the fate of the *Argyll* and her seven hundred souls. If, in that heaving sea, but one shot as large as a twenty-pounder should hit a vital part of a boat, that boat would stop. But the storm of shot and shell flew wild; it hit the water, at half distance; it flew in air and raised a cloud beyond the targets; it disappeared in the distant smudge; and the rushing destroyers came on, to half the distance, to a third: in a moment they would be within easy torpedo range, and the captain approached a voice tube, calling, "All hands!" and muttering the conclusion of his thought.

But before that moment arrived a shot went up from a casemate. One to! had been hit; for a cloud of steam arose, and she swung out of her course. Then more shots were heard; two others stopped, one in the center of a radiating effulgence of red, which changed to thick, yellow smoke, and hid her few fragments from view; the other emitting steam like the first. The fourth wheeled about and fled, followed by shot and shell which went remarkably true compared with the inaccuracy of the preceding fire. The dazed and astonished officers on the bridge, and the exulting crews at the gun positions, did not until the last of the quartette had settled beneath the surface from the deadly accuracy of the fire which ensued, realize that the sea had calmed—that though the big ship still lifted and fell from the action of the ground-swell, there were no disturbing waves, no cross-sea, no aim-destroying heave. The troubled ocean had become like plastic glass, though the wind still held its hurricane force and the air was filled with horizontal rain and spindrift.

There was no time for speculation: they had sunk but four destroyers. With guns silent and crews at stations, they steamed on through the storm, looking for that fifth long, low craft, and soon, through a break in the gray receding wall of spume into which they seemed to be rushing, they sighted her, quiet

and inert but for her sluggish rolling—a two-masted craft, with gaffs aloft and the red ensign of England flying union down from her mainmast head—a merchant steamer in distress.

The battleship slowed down and lowered her boats. Before they were well clear of her side the listening officers on the bridge heard the exclamatory words of the men that manned them, telling of oil—oil upon the oars, oil upon the sea.

"Yes," said the rescued steamer skipper, as he told of his plight a little later, she's a tank-steamer and was doomed for the bottom anyhow when those torpedo boats came up. But it wasn't them that sunk her and spread all this oil about—it was the act of God. Something came down sideways out of the sky—a meteor, I think—and went right through us. Curious—it left a round hole, about thirteen inches across."

"It was most certainly the act of God," said Mr. Parmeille reverentially, as they discussed it a little later.

"Finnegan's bulldog luck," commented the irreverent engineer.

"You are both right," said Dr. Bryce. "It was Finnegan's subliminal intelligence acting through the outlet of his muddled brain."

"D'you mean to say," queried the engineer, "that he had intelligent knowledge of what he was doing?"

"No, not as ordinarily understood. Nor was he the victim of false auto-suggestion, as we thought. But he had subconscious knowledge of the presence, over the horizon and in our path, of the four destroyers and the tank-steamer. He could only express his uneasiness in terms of objective consciousness—that is, when he thought of bad gun-platforms he was impelled to seek the captain. When he thought of the inefficiency of big guns against torpedo craft he was impelled to speak it. He knew there was a possibility that at a certain moment of the ship's swing the range of the gun and the distance to the steamer would coincide, and he went to the turret. His all-night worry over the weight aloft and his firing the gun to get rid of it were only outlets for the subliminal knowledge of coming danger, and the remedy—oil upon the sea.

The surgeon had waxed fairly eloquent, but the engineer remained unconvincing.

"I can't believe that," he said, with an incredulous frown. "You're a wonder, doctor, at explanations; but it's my private opinion that Finnegan was simply and beautifully drunk."

#### Ye Country Editor Touches the Lyr.

How dear to our heart is the steady subscriber,  
Who pays in advance at the birth of each year;  
Who lays down his money and offers it gladly,  
And casts 'round the office a halo of cheer!  
Who never says, "Stop it, I can not afford it."  
Or, "Am getting more papers now than I can read,"  
But always says, "Send it, I read it, and like it."  
And can't do without it—it's just what I need."  
How welcome he is when he steps in our sanctum.  
How he makes our hearts throb!  
How he makes our eyes dance!  
We outwardly thank him—we inwardly bless him.  
The steady subscriber who pays in advance.

#### The New Regime

"Darling, can I have a new gown?"  
As she spoke, the head of the house, who was playing the part of her lord and master, looked at his wife reproachfully.  
"Did you not," he observed severely, "take that fashion pill I left for you this morning?"

"N—no," she faltered, "I forgot it."  
"Then take it at once and be cured of the new dress habit. I'm going down to the club."

It was her turn now.  
"To the club?" she repeated triumphantly. "And so, dear, you, too, have been remiss. Did not the faith doctor, when he called last week, order you to take an anti-club capsule after each meal?"

Her husband averted his gaze.  
"Forgive me, darling," he murmured, as he went obediently to the medicine chest, and did as she desired.

"By the way," he continued presently. "Is that young man calling on our daughter Penelope yet?"

"Yes—she expects him to-night."

"Then tell her to take those anti-spooning tablets. And how is the baby?"

"Splendid. Since the doctor gave him the non-destructive drops, I have kept him in the front parlor. The cook was going to leave this morning and I gave her a big dose of staying solution, and she swears now she'll never leave me."

There was a sudden ring at the door.

The maid came up.  
"A man to collect this bill, sir."

Husband and wife smiled serenely. She went over to the chest and returned with a box.

"Here, Jane," she said, "tell him to take one of these pills every hour, until the impulse to collect that bill has left him entirely."

Tom Masson.

Night Thoughts.

As I lay on my couch last night,  
And woed the god of sleep in vain,  
And sadly turned from left to right,  
And then from right to left again,

I thought of all my hopes and fears,  
Of all my yearnings after bliss,  
Of Fortune's gifts, of smiles and tears,  
But most of all I thought like this:

"If somebody would take a lump  
Of brick, and down the garden creep,  
And fetch those cats a healthy clump,  
Maybe I'd get a chance to sleep!"

Here's a scientist who says that for everything that goes out, there is always an equivalent to balance it exactly."

"Nonsense. For instance, everybody gives away more Christmas presents than he receives."

The still, small voice of conscience would need a megaphone to attract the attention of some people.

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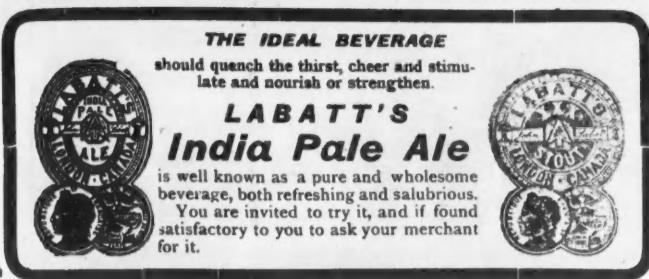
A. F. MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co., Limited  
51 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.

## LADY GAY'S COLUMN

"**U**NT you please write against the extravagance of society women, their love of display, and their emulation in dress?" is the calm request of a correspondent who signs herself "A Plain Woman." That *non-plumé* suggests such a lot, doesn't it? The plain woman is not extravagant, nor does she find the subtle joy in personal charm which often leads that foolish peacock a bit, and spend honest pennies on a bit of this and a bunch of that to match her prettiness. The plain woman knows better than to get into competitive entanglement with that foolish, lovely, or fascinating creature, but she may safely take a back bench and gird at her for extravagance, display and emulation. Poor plain woman! I see your dull complexion, your hard lack-luster eyes, your heavy, sultry, or shrewish lips, your unlovely form, and I am sorry for you, really and truly sorry, for every woman should be beautiful in some way or other, and you know you aren't a bit! But don't ask me to add to my own age and ugliness by doing your fault-finding! Next to being lovely oneself is the joy of admiring others who are lovely. It is one of my pet joys, and for no plain woman will I give it up.

"I always go down," confessed a statesman once to me, "before a pretty pair of brown eyes." There is no doubt that many fashionable dames spend a great deal on accessories to beauty or concealments of its lack. It's a good thing for us that many a woman spends time and money on the various expedients for beautifying and increasing the charm of her own person. We are spared the sight of many defects and our appreciation is sincere of that woman's effort to look her best, not matter if it costs a lot. Far be it from me to jibe at the middle-aged matron who covers her coarse and greying thinness of hair with a nice soft toupee and a switch that coils in a grand "figure 8" behind, and I have great admiration for the chiffons, expensive but becoming, which nestle 'twixt the aging and sharpening face that has been beautiful. You never know why a woman wears extravagant clothes. Often she is ordered to do so by her husband who is stupid enough to wish to impress his business friends or enemies with the size of his wife's diamonds or the sumptuousness of her brocades and velvets. Sometimes she herself believes it is proper for her to "dress up to her allowance." She may have the Semitic taste for lordly raiment, or she may leave the matter in the hands of her dressmaker. That woman who covers her coarse and greying thinness of hair with a nice soft toupee and a switch that coils in a grand "figure 8" behind, and I have great admiration for the chiffons, expensive but becoming, which nestle 'twixt the aging and sharpening face that has been beautiful. You never know why a woman wears extravagant clothes. Often she is ordered to do so by her husband who is stupid enough to wish to impress his business friends or enemies with the size of his wife's diamonds or the sumptuousness of her brocades and velvets. 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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



## Toronto's New Book Shop.

WAS truly said by the poet Bacon that "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested"—from which it is apparent that the seller of books must cater to a wide variety of tastes. But all true book-lovers have one taste in common—a keen appreciation of the beautiful. It is a fact well known to all who read that the pleasure to be derived from a good book is greatly enhanced or lessened according

from the windows having illumination equal in quality and quantity to outdoor light.

Thus the full charm of the decorations is revealed. The general color scheme is a combination of terra cotta and cream, after a design specially prepared by A. H. Howard, R.C.A. So successfully has the artist's idea been carried out that in the new Book Shop there has been achieved a result which all decorators strive for but seldom reach—a combination of the warm and cosy with that



INTERIOR OF TYRRELL'S NEW BOOK SHOP.

as the book is beautifully made, or of a cheap and tawdry nature in its binding, printing and illustration. To carry the idea a bit further, it is equally true that the pleasure of book-buying—and what true lover of books will deny that it is one of his chief pleasures?—is largely dependent upon the place where one buys. The need of attractive surroundings, the harmony of environment, so to speak, is perhaps more pronounced in the selling of books than in any other line of business; and it is due to the realization of this fact on the part of the well-known book connoisseur, Mr. William Tyrrell, that we now have a book shop in Toronto which will compare favorably with any on the continent.

Conveniently situated at 7 and 9 King street east, the new Book Shop of William Tyrrell & Co. is indeed a model home for a book business—a shop that is not only a source of delight to the bookloving section of the community, but a credit to the city and an establishment to command the admiration of strangers as well.

The exterior is modelled after the most approved of modern styles. The windows, constructed of hard wood and plate glass with rounded corners, lend themselves readily to effective displays, and when filled with the latest productions in the world of books—and Canadians were long ago assured that Mr. Tyrrell encourages only the best authors—and a tasty selection from the Book Shop's art department, form an attraction that compels the most hurried and *bliss* passer-by to pause for a moment and admire. It will be noted, moreover, that to enhance the beauty of the exterior and increase the supply of daylight illumination for the interior, liberal use has been made of prism reflecting glass.

The result of this is apparent on entering the store, which has as one of its most pleasing distinguishing features an entire absence of dark corners, even those sections of the shop most remote

bright and cheery aspect which is too seldom a feature of city stores. To carry the idea a bit further, it is equally true that the pleasure of book-buying—and what true lover of books will deny that it is one of his chief pleasures?—is largely dependent upon the place where one buys. The need of attractive surroundings, the harmony of environment, so to speak, is perhaps more pronounced in the selling of books than in any other line of business; and it is due to the realization of this fact on the part of the well-known book connoisseur, Mr. William Tyrrell, that we now have a book shop in Toronto which will compare favorably with any on the continent.

It was to be expected from so experienced a book-seller as Mr. Tyrrell that he would have an ideal arrangement as far as convenience is concerned; and, indeed, the careful planning of shelves and tables in the new shop affords customers such complete access to the stock as to entitle this establishment to be termed unique in this respect. An inspection of the Book Shop would not be complete without a visit to the Art Section. Here we find an alcove set apart for the excellent reproductions of art according to modern methods; and in order to provide a fitting environment for the beautiful pictures displayed, special care has been taken with the decorating and lighting of this attractive corner, which will doubtless come to be a well patronized rendezvous for those who understand and appreciate things artistic. The atmosphere of the place is so quiet and reserved that the real book-lover feels that the ideal of book-selling has here been attained.

Ample provision has also been made for the stationery department of the Book Shop—a feature of the business which might almost be termed unique, so complete is the stock carried and so well posted is this progressive firm on all matters pertaining to society stationery and its correct printing.

Altogether, the new Book Shop is about as attractive a spot as can be found in the business section of the Queen City—an opinion which will be concurred in by all who have called upon William Tyrrell & Co. in their new home. The firm has extended to the public a cordial invitation to visit the shop and admire both it and its contents, whether they wish to purchase of the latter or not, and SATURDAY NIGHT advises its readers to take advantage of that invitation.

## Cost of Testimonials

Numerous firms have flooded this market with cheap alcoholic stimulants which they offer to the unsuspecting public as medicinal preparations. Their flaring advertisements in the daily press contain numerous "Testimonials" which are exchanged for photographs, goods, or money.

## The Unimitable Tonic

**VIN MARIANI**  
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—AND ALSO FROM—  
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His Excellency Ling You  
Sir Augustus Harris  
Zamia Pacha, Etc.  
Sir Evelyn Wood  
Sir Mervell MacKenzie  
Etc.,  
Strongly recommend  
**Vin Mariani**

Everywhere

## More Letters from Lithia.

Y DEAREST PALEOLI,—I sympathize with you, I do really. I've been there myself. I can see quite clearly that that young man is only bluffing, and you'd better make an awful example of him at once. Of course, if, as you say, there are no steps leading up to your front door, you can't very well remove any of them. I think if I were you I shouldn't take much trouble with a man like that. It's a pity you don't keep a tame animal about the house that you could set on to him. As, however, you are a novice at fighting, I should let the proceedings be perfectly simple. When he talks about a moonlight stroll, lead him up to the top of the precipice near your house. Then tell him to shut his eyes and open his mouth and see what the fairies will send him; and while he's waiting to see, pick up a nice weighty flint and

joke; but I never did have a sense of humor, thank Heaven, whatever my faults may be. As I strolled back to the ball-room, I heard a peal of laughter just behind me, and on turning round I saw this Bili creature actually spooning with that odious Tottie Fairilite, and repeating to her the story of his adventure with me. So, of course, I just strolled over to him in a casual sort of way, and finding somebody's club on the ground, I picked it up, and said if he had any little message he'd like to send to his mother, he'd better get it off his chest at once. As he didn't seem to quite grasp the situation I dropped him a little clip to go on with. Unfortunately, I didn't hit him quite hard enough, and the club, being a bit too heavy for me, fell out of my hands, and that cat Tottie snatched it up and ran off with it to prevent further trouble. I was therefore reduced to the rather cheap and vulgar expedient of trying



"I dropped him a little clip to go on with."

slosh him with it, and then drop him down the cliffs. You will find that the next young man who comes dangling after you will be more business-like.

My bashful suitor, Bili, is laid up for the moment, as, of course, I had to do something. I told you he seemed dreadfully nervous, and all that; but when I got him to talk at last, he was really a most cheerless sort of person. As I sat there, holding his hand, a cat-o'-nlynes began to wail in the distance, and Bili said he didn't like to hear that, as it was a sign of death. After a while he said that things had been going wrong with him for a long time. One of his houses had fallen in suddenly on the tenants, and walled them right in, and now, he said, the Parish Council is going to sue him for keeping a private cemetery without a license. He asked me whether I would like to stroll round there one evening and help him to recover the remains so as to get them off his property. I told him that it was very nice of him to think of me when there was any little form of amusement going, but I was afraid I could hardly spare the time. As things were getting rather dull and monotonous, I asked him right out whether his intentions were honorable. He said they were honorable enough as far as that goes, but he feared he was a doomed fool, and he said he made quite a living

to twist the fellow's neck. But it wants a rather stronger wrist than I have got to twist a full-grown man's neck in such a way that he will have no further use for it; and as the scuffle was beginning to get a little undignified, I just knocked his whiskers up into his eyebrows with a smart left-hander, and left him to sort his features out as best he might.

I suppose we widows are apt to be a little hypercritical in choosing a second. The man who comes round and talks the usual soft tafty of the suburbs doesn't carry much weight with us, because we've dealt in the goods before. I have had several offers lately from men who promised to make the way of my life henceforward a path of roses, and all that kind of thing. But when I had reduced matters to a spot cash basis, I found they hadn't got seven-and-six between them; and with roses at their present price, it needs a bit of a capitalist to use them for paving stones. Yesterday, I had an offer from another likely young man, but Pa put his foot down on the negotiations at an early stage, and the young man has been looking for soft places to sit on ever since. He admitted to me that he was a poor fighter; but he said he was very business-like. He had got a tame mastodon, and he said he made quite a living



"The young man has been looking for soft places to sit on ever since."

man. He had a premonition that he should die young, and he would like, if that happened, to be buried somewhere near our garden so that I could come and drop a flower on his grave when I wasn't too busy. That made me a little impatient, and I told him right out that if he was asking for it, he could stroll round to one place and choose his grave at once, and I would do the rest. You will hardly believe it, my dear, but he heaved a great sigh that shook a lot of loose gravel down the bank on to my head, and then slid back to the ball-room alone. Upon my word, I do think manners are getting scarcer among the men every season.

I naturally concluded that I had been mistaken in Bili's attitude when, I have heard there are men who, when threatened with matrimony, are overcome with grief, and shed tears copiously; and it seemed to me that I had stumbled on one of the breed unaware. And I need hardly say that I have no intention of tying myself up to mere weeper. My poor Freddie was bad enough, but I will say this for Freddie—that he always took his cruel standing up and never snivelled about it. As for Bili, I was quite mistaken in him. His dismal attitude during our *tête-à-tête* was, it appears, only meant for a

ing by milking it and swapping the milk for cranberries and buttercup roots.

So I told him if he liked to go and see Pa about it, we might come to terms, as while I don't allow Pa to restrict my freedom of choice in matters of sentiment, I regard him as a very competent financial adviser; and this was a business deal all the time. Pa's reply to the young man was to lift a foot and boot him abruptly off the premises. Pa explained to me afterwards that the young man didn't know what he was talking about. The mastodon might keep him for a little while, but any time a neighbor wanted to rush the premises and secure the animal for his private use, my young man would be incapable of offering opposition, and our living would be gone. Indeed, Pa said he had half a mind to go round and collar the mastodon himself, just to set a good example to the community. As the young man has not been near the place since, I conclude that he admitted the force of Pa's argument. So I am practically alone again in the world. I have one or two chances in the air, but nothing that you could honestly call a direct bite, so far.—Your loving friend,

Lithia.

—Pick-me-up.

## Words to the Wise.

A difficulty is at the door of every delight.

Gold fetters are not more elastic than iron.

Respectability is no substitute for repentence.

It takes a great man to do little things well.

A man loses force as soon as he begins to worry over his feelings.

You know what a man lives for when you know what he looks at when alone.

Many people think they are living for character who are only fighting for reputation.

## An Extra Overcoat.

Many Toronto men who pay close attention to matters of dress are adopting the custom of keeping two separate overcoats for wear during the winter months. They have, in the first place, a sort of dress overcoat, either with skirts or in the Chesterfield style. Then they also use an ulsterlike garment of tweed for stormy weather and for travelling.

Levy Bros., the well known tailors, are showing some particularly fine goods for either kind of overcoat—beautiful Meltons and beavers for the Chesterfield style, and smart tweeds for the more rough-and-ready garments.

Knicker—And was the love letter Exhibit A?

Knocker—No, Exhibit Jay.



NO LAUNDRIES CAN SHRINK THE

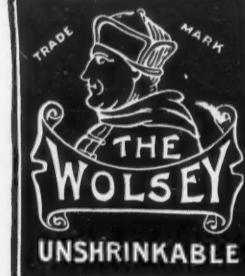
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## ALL WOOL Underwear

Read this: The National Laundry Co., Ashton Old Rd., Man. hester. "Sir—It would be an impossibility for anyone to shrink the WOLSEY Garment."

Why bother with Underwear that shrinks and becomes unwearable in a short time? You should buy "Wolsey," which is all wool, of perfect texture, hygienic, durable, always beautifully soft and elastic and never shrinks.

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Mind it must be "Wolsey" and not an imitation.

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An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

## COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

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**\$12.80** TO ST. LOUIS

Allowing stop-over privileges at Chicago, Detroit, and intermediate Canadian Stations. Leave Toronto in through Pullman sleepers at 8.00 a.m. and 4.00 p.m. daily.

**\$13.40**

To **TO CHICAGO and RETURN**

Account International Livestock Exposition.

Good Going November 27th, 28th and 29th, 1904. Valid returning on or before December 5th, 1904.

**\$1.50**

To **GUELPH and RETURN**

Account Ontario Winter Fair, Guelph.

Good going December 3rd, valid returning on or before December 12th, 1904.

For tickets and full information call at City Ticket Office, north-west corner King and Yonge Streets.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

**\$13.40** CHICAGO

and Return from TORONTO

Going Nov. 27, 28, and 29; returning until Dec. 5.

**\$1.50** GUELPH and RETURN

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Going Dec. 3 to 9; returning until Dec. 12.

**\$12.80** ST. LOUIS

and Return from TORONTO.

Tickets on sale daily until Dec. 1. Stop over at intermediate Canadian points.

First-class Canadian and American Car leaves Toronto at 7.55 p.m., running direct to World's Fair grounds.

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**Business Suits, \$22.50**

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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## THE DRAMA

**A**t the Princess this week *Cupid & Co.*, which its perpetrators call "a musical farce," is playing to good houses. It is the latest addition to a wearisomely long list of the jumbles of songs and antic gags that have passed for entertainments for the last two years. It shows no originality, no real comedy, but it serves as an excuse for filling the stage with over-dressed girls who jump around and show themselves. Most of the so-called characters are "borrowed" from other shows of this kind that have died from weakness. Most of the jokes are flat from having been pressed between the covers of moth-eaten volumes for unnumbered ages. Most of the girls have been on the stage before. As it claims to be musical, let it go for that. It is certainly not a dramatic entertainment; therefore I cannot pretend to judge it.

*The Crisis* is here for the third time, and, as usual, is drawing big houses at the Grand Opera House. As is well known, it is an excellent dramatization of Winston Churchill's popular novel. Miss Nannette Comstock has replaced Miss Isabel Irving in the role of Virginia Carvel and gives an excellent interpretation of the part, although it is one of limited possibilities. Henry Bayard makes an admirable Colonel Carvel. The part of Judge Whiffle is played with discretion and point by John B. Cooke. Stephen Brice is well portrayed by Crosby Leonard, and Melville Hunt gives a good account of himself as Clarence Colfax. The stage setting and costumes are excellent, and last, but not least, the whole company work well together.

In spite of her name, Madame Slapoffski is drawing big houses at Shea's this week, and deserves all the applause she gets, for without exception she is the best singer that we have heard at this house this season. Her voice is a soprano of great power, range and flexibility, and her phrasing and enunciation are excellent. In fact, so splendid an artist is she that it is surprising she is so little known. Mattie Keene and company present *Her First Divorce Case*, which is the first vaudeville sketch that Ella Wheeler Wilcox has yet written. It is a clever little sketch and possesses both humor and pathos. It depicts a scene in the law office of Humm & Howl, where a young couple want a separation, and where Lawyer Howl, who is of the fair sex, effects a reconciliation. Billy Link, a blackface monologuist, is rather vulgar. The Four Original Madcaps do some rather clever dancing of an eccentric and gymnastic order. Matthews and Ashley have a clever skit called *Money Mad*. The Four Bard Brothers use their muscles with effect in their acrobatic work, and with Bessie and Miller and the kinetograph complete the bill.

Next week at the Princess George Bernard Shaw's bright little comedy, *Candida*, will hold the boards. It is said the company includes the original New York cast. It is needless to enter into a description of the play, for the wide notice that it received in the papers and magazines during its run in New York must make it familiar to all. The fact that it is by Bernard Shaw is in itself sufficient guarantee of its quality, even did we know nothing of it. As this is one of the very few good things booked for the Princess this year, so far as I have heard, I should strongly recommend my readers not to miss it.

An attraction that is a bit out of the ordinary is announced for the Grand Opera House next week. It is *The Liberty Belles*, a musical comedy in three acts by the well-known author, Harry B. Smith. The theater-going public of Toronto will remember that this same musical comedy company appeared in this city at dollar-fifty prices not more than a year ago, and from the dramatic critics' standpoint was one of the musical treats of the season. *The Liberty Belles* this year is a much larger organization than when seen here last. Twenty-five big musical numbers have been added to the already large programme, and in addition to all this the management has secured at great expense the "Radium Ballet," which is the main feature of *Pif-Paf-Poof*, now running at the Casino, New York. The secret of the success of *The Liberty Belles* lies in its novel effects, its liveliness, tunefulness, its beautiful and talented young women—in the fact that it is a pure and clean entertainment. During the week matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

For next week Mr. Shea promises another excellent bill which will include Pewitt, the mysterious face. This act was at Hammersmith's Roof Garden in New York City during all of last summer, and met with enormous success. Then there will be the Roberty Troupe, a recently imported European acrobatic act; Gracie Emmett & Co., Louise Dresser, Eckert and Berg, Jack Norworth, and several others.

Daniel Frohman had in the November number of a New York magazine a most absurd article on the drama, and now Mr. Norman Hapgood, one of the most competent dramatic critics in the United States, and at present editorial writer for *Collier's Weekly*, comes out with some comment on Mr. Frohman's literary effort. Here is Mr. Hapgood's editorial:

"The American drama is controlled almost wholly by a



THE VILLAIN DIES.

C. D. GIBSON in *Collier's Weekly*.

group of some half a dozen men. Mr. Daniel Frohman, not technically part of the syndicate, is part of it essentially, and he is the only one of the aggregation that is looked upon as a person so cultivated and "literary" that he is fitted occasionally to promulgate critical ideas in print. These exhalations of intellect at least avoid the danger of soaring beyond the vision of the ordinary reader. In his latest magazine treatise on the art of which his brother is the king, Mr. Frohman lays down with the calmness of omnipotence what "must be" in drama. "The story and its complications need not be new, though their treatment must be fresh, and every year requires a more novel, though not necessarily *outré*, setting than the last. The love story must be clear and distinct in the mind of the dramatist, and he must find an obstacle in its course. This obstacle, reasonably, conveniently, ingeniously, he must remove. Good-bye to *Romeo and Juliet*, of course to every tragedy, to the best of Hauptmann and Sudermann, even to *The Admirable Crichton*, which, by the way, would have horrified the syndicate had it not borne the name of Barric. There is no cause for surprise in Mr. Frohman's opinion that *Hamlet* is "no play." The characters, which were undoubtedly preconceived character-studies, are strung together, hanging limply from an old-fashioned peg, jostling against one another like stray individuals in a crowd and exposing their inmost hearts without rims or reason. Hamlet himself is a purposeless hero, antagonizing the audience with his vacillations and cowardice and uncertainty. We do not pretend to know what "preconceived character-studies" are, but are compelled to have Mr. Frohman speak a good word for Laertes. Truly, there you have the embryo for a part, that worked up into the whole drama, would exactly suit a Frohman star and make a Frohman play. 'What?' exclaims Mr. Frohman, "would be a modern manager's impression to-day if confronted by the manuscript of a play like *Hamlet*, if proffered for its theme and its purely technical construction?" What, indeed, if the manager were an American and a member of the syndicate? Mr. Frohman observes that in *Tess, Tanguay, and Fedora, Cleopatra and Patrie*, "the action is coldly classical. Sardou, nevertheless, seems to be his high-water mark. Ranging over the whole field of dramatic art, Mr. Frohman ends with an inspiring list of masterpieces, selected at random, he says, but all sound, sane, and convincing in theme, plot, character, and treatment. *The Lady of Lyons* is made remarkable for "character-study"—the quality in which *Hamlet*, if we understand Mr. Frohman, is such a failure. *The Wife* is on the list as "a splendid variant of *The Banker's Daughter* theme. No wonder American legends include the tale that when Miss Maude Adams wished to play *Romeo and Juliet*, Mr. Charles Frohman ordered a *scenario* prepared for her perusal."

## New York Letter.

From Our Special Correspondent.

THE annual great Horse Show has, of course, held the center of the stage all week, environed as it was on all sides by the superb society of New York's four-hundred-and-four.

Financially, this year's show has been unusually

successful, great crowds thronging Madison Square Garden day and night; while socially, we are told, the affair assumed some of its old time brilliance, the real aristocracy resuming its patronage, and crowding into the background the *nowhere rich*, to whom they had temporarily yielded place. Of this last fact I speak from hearsay only, not being sufficiently expert in these distinctions to be quoted first-hand. That it was brilliant, however, in the extreme, my own boardwalk observations can attest, and that some of the necklaces worn were worth as much as \$100,000 has never been denied by their owners.

Wagner's *Simple Life*, selling at ten cents a copy on the streets of New York, has evidently made little impression as yet on high life, though in this connection, we are told, the gowns and millinery worn this year were much simpler than those of former years, a fact, I believe, on which the feminine portion of the arena took occasion to congratulate itself. Still, we have not heard from the male side yet, and until the bills are rendered one cannot speak definitely. "Simplicity is usually a very precious thing, and I fear this may prove no exception. Perhaps it was this "simplicity" that caught the curious gaze of the "boardwalk." Oh, that gaze! It makes one's blood freeze to contemplate. I would not be an aristocrat in New York, not even for its income—at least not while it is still so conspicuous a privilege. In Toronto you can form no conception of the boardwalk manners of a New York Horse Show. There you make at least some effort to see inconspicuously, or observe without making your observation too obvious. Here, there is absolutely no effort at concealment. "Ladies" will take up a position in front of a box, at a distance of less than three feet, and deliberately raise lorgnettes or opera glasses toward the occupants, remaining there until every detail of a toilette has been noted. In front of one box I noticed what appeared to be a mob. I thought that possibly a pickpocket had been pinched, and was confirmed when the mob began to move toward the entrance, evidently following some excitement. I learned afterwards that the Duchess of —— had been the occasion of this demonstration.

But of the Horse, whose show this was ostensibly.

On the whole, though our backs were often turned, I think he attracted more attention than formerly. The entries were very numerous, some of the competitions excited a great deal of interest, and some of the awards, alas! gave rise to much bitterness of soul—one of the lady exhibitors even withdrawing her horses from the Garden before the final competitions on Saturday.

Miss Ella S. Ross, an English exhibitor, displayed a liking for turquoise blue in her appointments, a taste, however, she was unable to communicate to the judges, unfortunately, and all her horses went down to defeat. She has decided to try again next year, without the turquoise.

One new feature of the show was the "pig pen" test, designed for qualifying horses to clear two or more obstacles in quick succession, without an intervening ten-acre field for the run. This is the rule: "The contestants will be required to ride over an in-and-out, stop, turn back and ride in again, but taking the side bars to get out; then ride up to a post and rail fence and without dismounting, slip out the top rail."

DROPPING THE COOK.  
"Farewell," she cried, "and may thy constant mind  
Still think of me when I am far behind."

and jump the remaining bars. The horses to be judged on their manners and performance." This proved an excellent event, and in spite of many stumbles and broken rails the performance was a very creditable one.

With the Horse Show New York's season may be said to commence. This week, society will unfold still further when the Metropolitan throws open the doors of its larger opportunity. That it will be a brilliant season there is no room to doubt.

Notwithstanding the strong counter attraction of the Horse Show, Sir Charles Wyndham was greeted by a brilliant audience when he opened his New York engagement at the New Lyceum last week. The visits of this distinguished actor to America are too infrequent to be ignored and the promise that he would appear this season has long been treasured as one of the dramatic events of the year. Consequently all theater-goers have long been on the tiptoe of expectation.

That Sir Charles should open in *David Garrick* is natural, no doubt, in spite of the fact that it was already his famous role here nearly twenty years ago. But the play is one of which neither the actor nor the public apparently ever tire, though I believe King Edward is quoted as asking Wyndham to put on another, when he had seen *Garrick* for the seventh time. His Majesty no doubt felt that, after the seventh performance, he had scriptural authority against further forbearance. There is also, in the same connection, an Irving story to the effect that when Wyndham was about to open his new London theater, the two actors met, and conversation naturally turned on the new theater and the piece that should open it. After some explanation as to the difficulty of finding a new play, Wyndham thought it would probably be "Little Davy again." One can only fancy the expression and intonation of the reply, "And after that, is it *Little Lord Fauntleroy*?" Eh?

It would be idle to deny that Sir Charles is no longer young enough to look the part. Not that he is within a thousand years of old age, but for the hero of this little romantic comedy that involves the maiden love of the London dandy's romantic young daughter, we ask at least the semblance of youth, though it disguise a riper manhood.

Eighteen or twenty years ago, Mr. Wyndham's *Garrick* was compared to the late E. A. Sothern's, while this generation will no doubt draw comparisons between this and the more recent production of Mr. E. S. Willard. Comparison is likely enough to be odious at any time, and a certain English actor-manager who ought to know, says that this method is the curse of American criticism. However that may be, let us confess it and proceed.

Comparing these two performances, then, the present production is less pleasing than Mr. Willard's, though I am well aware how near to a heresy this innocent remark may bring me. Nature has simply not been so kind to Sir Charles as to this other favorite, and we miss at the outset, the beautiful poses, the little subtleties of countenance, the smile that begins in the eyes and hovers about the mouth—indefinite and sweet as it is—that make up the charm of Mr. Willard's *Garrick*, particularly in that first act in the interview with Alderman Ingot. In fact, I think that in Mr. Willard's there is more delicate subtlety all through, both in his reading and in his artistry, but less sincerity and therefore less conviction. Wyndham has put more into the character, more wealth of feeling, more of the passionate, earnest, soul-stirring quality of drama, but to do this and preserve the spirit of comedy he has broadened the humorous parts, the *Smiths* and the *Browns*, for instance, into pure farce. Even Ingot is given to punning and poor jokes that bespeak a literary interest and information quite apart from the materialism of his character—such observations as "the touch of nature that makes the world begin."

One would think that instead of broadening this French caricature of these prosperous London citizens, there would be some attempt to re-write the characters within the limits of credibility. For, as everyone knows, this was originally a French play called *Sullivan*, after Barry Sullivan, whose name filled the London boards about that period. And in depicting the city personages the writer's Gallic imagination, undoubtedly, took the place of more intimate acquaintance with his subject. From the French the piece soon landed on the Italian stage, and from there the late T. W. Robertson brought it to England, changing the name to *Garrick*, but preserving the French burlesque of London citizens in its entirety. This name *Garrick* is no doubt responsible for the numerous legends that have associated the romantic plot with an incident in the life of the well-known actor whose name it bears.

The famous second act is, of course, the great act and the one for which Wyndham's *Garrick* is justly celebrated beyond all others. In its portrayal of conflicting emotions—the simulation of the drunken actor, debauched and gamester, playing a part within a part, and every moment shattering the sweet faith he would keep; provoking the woman's scorn, while his heart is torn with love for her, but which on his honor as a gentleman he may not for a moment betray—we have a scene wonderfully powerful and the undoubted work of a master.

As the lover in the last act, he is equally perfect. At one moment exposing the ardent warmth of his great passion, and in the next subduing it from a sense of duty, he lets the audience wait breathless on "the dangerous edge of things," expecting every moment to see the lovers engulfed in their own happiness.

As Ada Ingot, Mary Moore is disappointing. Perhaps she has grown tired of a rather tiresome part, for she has played the part nearly as often as Sir Charles has played *Garrick*. The company is otherwise a fairly good one, the support in every case proving at least adequate.

J. E. W.

The little woman placed her hands on her husband's shoulders and looked at him, her soul in her eyes. "There isn't anything you would not attempt for me, there, Henry?" she asked. "Nothing," said Henry, his mouth shutting resolutely. "You would even risk death for me, wouldn't you?" "I would, and gladly!" "Then, dear, please go down in the basement and discharge the cook." But Henry's face paled and his knees trembled, for he realized that he had spoken rashly.

## Politicians and The Veil.

**A** FRIEND of mine with whom I was in conversation the other day expressed his curiosity to know what was likely to be done with the politicians of this country whose reputations had become injured by their having been mixed up in election crookedness and other questionable deals connected with politics. I mentioned Sir Richard Cartwright's friend, Mr. Jackson, as an example of what was being done with them.

"That's exactly what I mean," said my friend. "At present they are getting all the good things in sight. But such a condition must soon come to an end. Things are getting into an awful state."

Though I felt that it was a shame to smile at his anxiety, I really couldn't help it. It struck me as so fantastic that a Canadian—and an Ontario man at that—should work himself up into a state of excitement over the future of damaged politicians, that I think my grin was almost excusable. However, it takes all kinds of people to make up an electorate, so I suppose no one should be surprised if he runs across a real serious one now and then.

"Would it not be a good idea if they were to start in seriously to prosecute and convict these fellows who systematically and persistently disgrace our country by perpetrating such frauds upon the electors as we have become familiar with during the last few years?" my friend continued.

We were near a drug-store. I took him in and asked the druggist to mix him up a soothing draught—something to settle his nerves. And I tapped my forehead suggestively. After taking it he seemed all right, so we started up street again. We had only gone a few yards, however, when back again he went to the subject of damaged politicians and the advisability of sending them to jail. I tried to reason with him, but all to no purpose. He was perfectly sober—and yet he seriously advocated the punishing of politicians, and statesmen even, who could be proven, on evidence which would be deemed sufficient to convict a common man of stealing a pair of boots, to have been mixed up in or to have profited by any political fraud upon the electors of the country. For an hour I tried persistently to talk him out of his absurd hobby, but succeeded in making seemingly no impression on his determination to advocate the punishment of politicians just as if they were responsible persons, amenable to the law.

Incomprehensible as it may seem, the idea persisted in sticking in my head. I tried to argue with myself as I had argued with my friend, but still the idea that it wasn't for the general good of the country that men—even



"I saw an ex-Cabinet Minister in stripes."

though they be the servants of Cabinet Ministers—should be permitted to break the law and escape the punishment provided for such infraction persisted. Finally the thing took such a hold on me that I gasped as I thought of the inevitable extreme to which my inability to resist the subtle workings of my friend's suggestion was leading me. *Why should not even a Cabinet Minister be punished?* Clearly I was losing control of myself. My nerves must be getting into a bad way, I decided. I took a stiff horn of whisky and set out on a long walk through the country, in the hope that the violent exercise, the fresh air and the stimulant would restore me to the normal condition of the ordinary, everyday Canadian which I have always prided myself that I am. It was no go. With every step I took, "Kingston," "Kingston," "Central," "Central" would evolve itself out of what had hitherto been the ordinary and decidedly vulgar squeaking of my boots. The thing was becoming terrible. I had difficulty in controlling myself. I felt like a traitor or even an assassin. I drank much whisky and went to bed.

In the night I dreamed of terrible things. I saw an ex-Cabinet Minister in stripes—breaking stones in the public streets—and a guard standing over him with a repeating rifle in his hand, ready to shoot at the first sign of an attempt to escape. It was horrible. With a loud scream I sprang from my bed to the center of the room, the cold sweat standing out in beads on my trembling flesh—and "Stratton!" I shouted out.

Now why I should have called on Mr. Stratton in my half-delirious fit of terror I cannot explain. I have not even the honor of knowing Mr. Stratton, though I could readily recognize him if I were to see him. I suppose it was just because his happens to be about the best-known name in the Ross Cabinet of the Period of the Decadence—and involuntarily I cried out to a Cabinet Minister to witness that the horrible picture I had seen was but a phantom portrait, not the voluntary work of my mind.

In a little time I returned to my bed, soothed by an insidious elixir—and between about three o'clock and the common time for rising, peace came to me. In my sleep I solved the question what to do with politicians who have gone astray. The Veil, the Veil's the thing! It is customary for ladies, at least it used to be customary—the fashion seems to have died out almost entirely in the present day—for ladies occupying high social positions to take the veil whenever they had made themselves the victims of their own "indiscretions." At one



"Removed from the storm and stress of the world."

time the convents used to be so crowded with unfortunate ladies of this kind that it was difficult for the unblemished maiden to secure accommodation within the sacred walls. In the time of Louis XIV, the landscape of France was beautifully decorated with these modest yet dignified houses of contrition. Why not in our own day introduce a system that would insure an even more lavish decoration in our own land?

Why should self-inflicted humiliation be the privilege of women? Why should repentance be regarded as an outgrown fad? What a unique spectacle—immeasurable convents crowded to the doors with politicians whose names have become as famous in our land as were at one time across the seas the neck and ankles of a Montespan or Pompadour! What an example for our politicians of the next generation! What a com-



THE LADIES OF RIDEAU HALL.  
Reading from left to right, upper row—The Countess of Minto; Lady Grey, wife of the newly-appointed Governor-General, Lord Grey; Lady Lisgar. Lower row—Princess Louise, the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Lansdowne, the Countess of Dufferin, and Lady Stanley.

foot to which to look forward! The lives of the penitent would be simple, not uncomfortable, and perhaps even useful. They would be removed from the storm and stress of the world. No more could temptations trouble them. No more would they run the constant danger of falling, of prostituting themselves to some base end. No, they would continue their peaceful lives to the sunset—wading silently and knee-deep through the ashes of desire without fear or anxiety. What a commendable solution of the present unhappy condition of politics! A convent for the politically fallen! Is there not something strangely peaceful and full of hope in the name? A harbor of refuge for the weaker vessels which have become slightly cracked by too much railroading! Ah, I like to dwell on the thought! Would not the members of the Ontario Cabinet look sweetly pretty and inspiring robed in solemn black, marching modestly to chapel to renounce their past! Imagine the modest features of a Gamey under the veil! What could be more inspiring? What could more strongly impress upon the people the assurance that no matter how low we may fall, no matter how besmirched with the mire of sin we may become, it is never too late to wash and to repent!

I feel greatly pleased with myself for having thought out this solution of a painful situation. I am particularly glad that the inspiration has come to me while conventions and conferences are still in the air. May I hope that the delegates, while their minds are yet occupied with things political, will give this suggestion the attention it deserves—and will also write letters to their leaders demanding that steps towards the establishing of these long-wanted institutions be taken once again?

## As Winter Draws Near.

But yesterday the leaves were green,  
To day we find them red and brown;  
To-morrow, when the winds are keen,  
They will decay and flutter down.  
The flowers have yielded to the cold.  
The summer birds have gone away,  
All around us is the cold  
Of what was life but yesterday.  
And yet the air is strong and sweet,  
And wakes us to unthought glow,  
And firm and clear our pulses beat.  
Their measure of the strengthened flow.  
The doubtful ones arise again  
And take their lives in stronger grasp,  
And hands of men in hands of men.  
Assume a warmer, firmer clasp,  
And though the season means decay  
To every tender summer guest,  
It surely is but nature's way  
For the survival of the best.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

He was in Chicago some two years ago studying for a forthcoming production. Along toward the early hours of the morning he called a boy and ordered a "bottle of milk," according to his own assertion.

When the boy returned he bore the bottle in his hand, and turning to the actor, said: "You must excuse me for not bringing this on a tray; but all our trays are in use to-night."

"Is that so?" replied Hodge. "And how does that happen?"

"Well," said the boy, "Mrs. Pat Campbell is giving a dinner down-stairs, and they have all the trays down there."

"So Mrs. Campbell is giving a dinner?" mused Hodge.

"Yes," said the boy, "and all the actors in town are down there."

"All?" said Hodge.

"Oh, yes," answered the boy, "all but the cheap skates."

"His wife was abroad when he died." "I'm glad his last hours were peaceful."

Cholly—Let's elope in your father's big touring-car, dearest! Dolly—Perish the thought, darling; he might make us support it ever afterward!



CABINET PORTRAITS.  
Artist J. P. Whitney: Well, that's a beautiful piece of work; only wish I had as good models for the others.

## A Faith Destroyer.

READ an article the other day by a man who is alleged to be a tobacco expert, and in that article some startling statements were made—statements that have shaken not only my faith in all printed articles, but also my faith in tobacco. I have become a doubter. The expert claims, for instance, that what we know as Turkish tobacco has never been near Turkey. Turkish and Virginian tobacco can be and are grown in the same field in Virginia! Now how any respectable Virginian leaf could flourish and reach maturity side by side with an embryonic Turkish cigarette is beyond my understanding. One whiff of the things that pass for Turkish in this town should be enough to wilt a cucumber. I have lost all respect for the Virginia leaf since I have learned what sort of company it will keep.

The expert also informs his readers that the only difference between a strong and a mild cigar is in the making. The strong one is manufactured so that it will not burn well—and thus the nicotine is distilled and drawn into the mouth. With the mild cigar, on the other hand, the manufacturers take pains to put it together in such form as will insure its rapid consumption. When it burns quickly the nicotine is driven off by the heat of the rapid combustion. Simple, isn't it—but it gives my faith in good strong cigars a heavy jolt. In future I shall buy cheap mild cigars and moisten them till they'll burn as badly as the best.

I had always heard and believed that a really good cigar could be recognized at once by the green spots upon it. I remember, when buying about my second or third cigar, that I kicked because it was spotted, and the dealer laughed my objections aside, assuring me that only the finest leaves bore these unpleasing looking marks of high quality. Recalling the fact that persons of high quality were very often be-spotted also, I swallowed the cigarman's story. Everyone else, I believe, has been told the same yarn by tobacconists—and seemingly everyone believes it. But now along comes this expert and knocks this comforting delusion on the head. "The piece of greenish leaf," he says, "is tobacco which has been plucked unripe, and is not properly cured. It is only found in thin, poor leaf. The idea that cigars with spots are better than others is an absolute delusion." And here I have been buying the poorest specimens of cigars for the last fifteen years—yes, and carefully picking out the poor ones, lest some dsigning dealer might be tempted to sell me a good one! I wish I hadn't read that article by that confounded expert. I feel like kicking myself and every cigar dealer with whom I have ever done business. Why do some men persist in going through the world destroying our simple faith which we flatter ourselves is knowledge? Such persons are mere disturbers. And yet, I can't resist the temptation of passing the expert's views along. I hope it will make all other smokers dissatisfied. I hate to be alone.

## The Academic Ibis.

An Ibis, on the Upper Nile,  
Once argued with a Crocodile  
About the many sacred Stories  
In which the Land of Egypt glories;  
How Nilus, of the rolling Flood,  
Once on a Time had been a God,  
Out of whose fertile Mud did spring  
The Form of every living Thing;  
And how to primal Cats he'd given  
The Faculties of highest Heaven;  
With many another such-like Mystery,  
That's told in Egypt's sacred History.  
They're true," piped Ibis, "Word for Word;  
They're true, as I'm a living Bird."  
"True, in a certain Sense, I ween,  
But never in the Sense you mean.  
In fact," the Crocodile replies,  
"They're just instructive Alleg'ries,  
Describing, in poetic Phrase,  
The wondrous Course of Nature's Ways.  
For instance, Cats were surely meant  
Women alone to represent,  
Who still 'mong Men (or Rumor lies),  
Like Gods, an Empire exercise;  
And still their Prototype they match  
In equal Power to bite and scratch."  
"Stop!" shrieked the Ibis, "Stop, I say!  
Sceptic, incredulous! Absurd!  
These Things are true—aye, Word for Word."  
"Nay!" said the Crocodile.  
"They're just instructive Alleg'ries."  
So they disputed all that Day  
Of sacred Cats and Nilus' Clay;  
But while the Wrangle they pursued,  
Ibis forgot her callow Brood.  
Who, hungry, cried in Vain for Food;  
So, starving, with the dying Day  
Those helpless Nestlings passed away.  
Still, heedless of her murdered Brood,  
Ibis the Argument pursued.  
And might be arguing to this Day  
But sacred Cats and Nilus' Clay,  
But Hippo, who had overheard,  
Pon a shrewd and timely Word:  
"It doesn't matter, Friends, a Jot  
Whether those Tales are true or not;  
Whether me're Alleg'ries you make em,  
Or whether Word for Word, you take 'em;  
For, Faith, this Argument polemic  
Is, when all's spoken, academic.  
But in those Records which you quote  
Some Maxims practical I note,  
Which shoul—as all good Beasts agree—  
Be acted up to, lit'rally.  
For instance, Birds who rear a Brood  
Are straitly charged to give them Food."  
A referent Glance evinced  
His Meaning plain. The Ibis winced,  
Ashamed and sad, she hung her Head.  
"I take your Meaning, Sir," she said.  
"If, 'stead of wasting useless Chatter  
On Prelatory, which don't matter,  
I'd carried out the Gods' Command  
In what lies present to my Hand,  
An I brought my starving Young Relief.  
That would have shown the best Belief."

Modal.

Too many, in a general Way,  
Conduct themselves, from Day to Day,  
As if the "Sermon on the Mount"  
De verbo wasn't meant to count;  
But yet adopt the sternest Poses  
In championing a lit'rall Moses.

—Truth.

Chips.

"What started the trouble between the Browns?"  
"Brown asked his wife a question while she was trying to put her hair up a new way."

Dudley—Lusher always goes up stairs from the club in his stocking feet.

Douglas—That's because his wife scares him out of his boots.

The lover—You see, ma and pa are opposed to me, but the girl isn't.

Friend—You're all right. You're going to be elected by an overwhelming minority.

Your wife has made quite a name as an authoress. Which do you consider the best of her latest works?"

Writing me a cheque for ten dollars."

Patient—But your treatment for obesity is so expensive.

Doctor—Madam, that is one of its strong points. You get worrying about the expense and it helps to work off the superfluous flesh.

First Military Expert—I tell you, Kuropatkin is entirely too reckless.

Second Military Expert—Just what I contended right along. Why, during that last affair at Gang-lang he didn't retreat till the enemy was almost within shelling distance!



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### POEMS

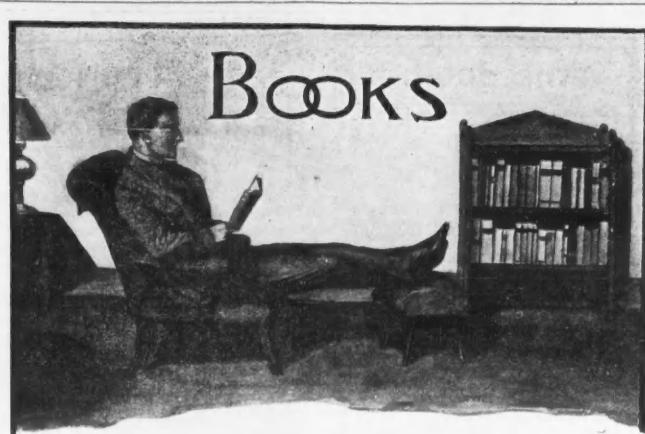
By JAMES A. TUCKER, B.A.

With an introductory memoir by Arthur Stringer

**T**HIS is the memorial volume promised last summer to the many friends of the late Mr. Tucker. It is now ready for sale. Those who gave advance orders to the publishers will be promptly supplied. Any failure to receive the volume should be reported. It may be obtained by the general public from leading booksellers. The book is handsomely gotten up, and is being enthusiastically received. It is undoubtedly a genuine contribution to Canadian literature. All book collectors, librarians and those who would support and reward the best in our native talent will want a copy.

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### The Late Mr. Tucker's Poems.

**T**o many of the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT the name of the late James A. Tucker is unknown, though to almost all his literary work must be familiar. As a member of the staff of this paper, he was for about four years a prolific and constant contributor. As a writer of essays, special articles, "leaders" and occasional verse he acquired wide popularity and respect. For almost a year his *pseudonym*, "Lance," has been missing from these columns—nor has its absence been

Where Aspiration knows its utter Star,  
And he and God and careless Wisdom are!"

The characteristic of Mr. Tucker's poems which impresses itself most on one is their serious dignity. Not once did he play with words for the light effect to be produced. He had a noble conception of what constituted poetry, and never did he seem to have permitted himself to forget that his purpose was to express high thoughts, not merely to



THE LATE MR. J. A. TUCKER

permitted to pass without expressions of disappointment and regret.

It is with mixed feelings of pleasure and hesitation that the present reviewer proceeds to examine the little volume of his poems which his literary executors, in compliance with almost the last expressed wish of the dying poet, have now put upon the market—pleasure that one so worthy should have the privilege of sending a last message from the grave, as it were, to his friends, and hesitation lest the duties which the critic owes the public be disregarded in the desire to say naught but pleasant things of the dead. After diligent perusal of the book under discussion, however, one is gratified to be able to come to the conclusion that in reviewing the present volume (*Poems*, by James Alexander Tucker, B.A., Toronto; William Briggs) a strict compliance with the demands of duty and a sound appreciation of the author's work can be indulged in without strain or conflict.

The volume consists of about sixty poems of various lengths and a beautiful prefatory memoir by Mr. Arthur Stringer, which concludes with the following poem:

"He fare, we said, out to some vast  
Alone,  
A wandering soul, and knew no more his  
own.  
As Earth knew not this strong man we  
had known—

"Forsaking all that life's weak hands  
had won,  
Leaving the Dream unfound, the Deed  
undone,

"He sought that Deep, beyond our har-  
bour foam,  
Where Loneliness and Silence are his  
home.

"Ah, so it seemed—yet there are times  
when we  
Stand by his salt, companionable Sea

"And strangely feel he faros amid his  
kin.  
While we stand desolate in life's dark  
Inn,

"And darkly view that outland Deep  
afar,

renders pleasing fancies in decorative phrase. This view of his art is well justified by a stanza from his *Poet and Rhymester*:

"Him not a poet do I count who blows  
His pipes with never so bewitching  
skill,  
If 'neath the storm of sound there  
does not thrill  
A purer charm that finds no swift repose,  
But in the soul's deep channels sweetly  
flows.

After the song itself has died away—  
As April vanishes yields the bloom of  
May,

Or deepening perfumes haunt the long-  
dead rose."

*A Wint'ry's Day in California* is a fine song of love of country by a lonely exile; *Philip* has the strength, dash and some of the other qualities of *Kingling*—though written, I believe, before Kipling had secured the public ear; *To a Discouraged Artist* is strongly reminiscent of Browning, and a splendid effort; but, to my mind, the highest poetic achievement in the volume is the last stanza of *Persecuted and Persecutors*. Here it is:

"Two only in God's universe—  
Two wretched beings, hateful, base!—  
The stars have power to grind and curse.  
The years have warrant to disgrace—  
He who in hate shouts, 'Crucify!'

And he who, knowing well the Right  
Stands by, nor draws his sword to  
fight,  
Because his vile heart fears to die."

Besides the high poetic merit of this poem, it will be treasured by Mr. Tucker's friends above all his other efforts because it contains the creed of the man. He was ever tolerant, ever just, ever ready to draw his sword in any cause, regardless of consequences to himself, so long as Right would be defended or advanced as a result of his efforts.

Mr. Reuben Butchart and Mr. Joseph T. Clark—Mr. Tucker's literary executors—are to be congratulated on producing so carefully selected and thoroughly well edited a volume. To them is owing a debt of gratitude from Mr. Tucker's many admirers.

### Frenchy, the Story of a Gentleman.

It would seem, according to Mr. William Sage, that to be a gentleman one must needs be quixotic—at least the author impresses it upon us that his hero is a gentleman by the use of a subtitle, and in reading the book we gather that he is absurdly quixotic. To begin with, we are introduced to the Marquis Jean Raymond Bayard de St. Hilaire, who is in conversation with an American friend, who informs him that he has made him his executor and guardian of his sister. Three years after St. Hilaire discovers, on the death of his friend, that before dying he has spent his own fortune and also that of the sister. At once St. Hilaire gives up his fortune, which just covers the amount embezzled, and dropping his title he goes to America, where he is known as Jean Bayard. After being swindled out of the little money he has by a couple of confidence men out west, he heads for New York. On the way thither he is unfortunate enough to be arrested as a vagrant. He is freed and in a short while is accused of being a burglar in a house in which dwells the heroine, Katherine Blake. He escapes, finally reaches his destination, and becomes known to a George Livingston. From that time he blossoms out into society. St. Hilaire rapidly absorbs the

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is all salt—  
pure, clean,  
crystals, and  
nothing but  
salt.



New World feeling of equality, and, as he says in a conversation with Livingston:

"My dear Mistaire Livingston, it is necessarie every one to live."

"Yes, but why work in a stable? You are a gentleman, there is no disguising that. Is it a joke?"

"It is not a joke. I was not train'd in the affairs like you in America. I tell myself, what I do to live? I understa' the horse. It is ver' simple."

"And do you like to do it?"

"In Paris, perhaps, no; but here in America, where all labor is enoble, it is diff'rent. I conduct my horse. You conduct your commercial affairs."

everybody, he is equal."

Through Livingston he becomes known to the Blake family and saves them from the clutches of an imposter—the Prince of Moravia—then is again accused of being a burglar by the Blakes' butler, who recognizes him, and he is expelled from the house. Of the better turn in his fortunes and his final happiness, it is not for the reviewer to tell. As a book we can't find much excuse for its having been written. None of the characters are striking or even interesting, and the plot is so conventional that it is only with an effort that one can get up enough excitement to make a finish. It is published by the Musson Book Co., Toronto.

### Seaton-Thompson-Saton's Latest.

**T**HE latest from Seton-Thompson is *Monarch: The Big Bear of Talla*.

Comparatively speaking, the people who are really enthusiastic about animal stories are not many, but those who are, will hail this new book. Seton-Thompson is easily "monarch" in his own range: that of animal heroes. It is well known that he changed his name some time ago to Thompson-Seton; but his old friends prefer to think of him by the name they first learned to lip at this great nature-teacher's knee, in the days when they were told of Wahb, the Grizzly, and all the other wild animals that Thompson had so well known. They dislike to accept this childishness on the part of their master even under the possibly pardonable excuse of an "eccentricity of genius."

Quite apart from the story, the book is a beautiful thing throughout; the paper, the covers, the type, the page illustrations, and best of all, Seton-Thompson's unrivaled marginal sketches.

The story of this monarch of the hills, which is told from his youth up, is as full of wonderful events as the reader confidently expects, after noting in the author's preface that it must be considered an historical novel of bear life, rather than a scientific record.

The monarch is first heard of as "Jack," a little cub, a good-humored fellow who would scramble down from his post, strain at his chain to meet his captor, whining softly, and would gobble his food with the greatest gusto, if the worth of manners.

His captor was Lan Kellyan, whose life was spent among the Sierras, and whose "senses were alert, not for the rainbow hills, and the gem-bright lakes, but for the living things that he must meet in daily rivalry, each staking on the game, his life." Hunter was written on his leatheren garb, on his tawny face, on his lithe and sinewy form, and shone in his clear gray eye.

Lan loved Jack, in his rude way; but on an evil day, in a fit of impatience with him because of a very mischievous act, he let him go in exchange for a few shekels, to a passing stranger.

"Well, I'm glad he's gone," said Lan, savagely, though he knew quite well that he was already scourged with repentance. He walked past the box where Jack used to sleep. How silent it was! He noted the place where Jack used to scratch the door to get into the cabin, and started at the thought that he should hear it no more, telling himself with many curse-words that he was "mighty gal'd it." He pattered about, doing—doing—oh, anything for an hour or more to drown the thought, then suddenly leaped on his pony and raced madly down the trail on the track of the stranger.

Lan overtook him and pleaded his case, but to no purpose. The stranger covered him with a 45 navy Colt.

"Ye got the drop on me," said Lan; "I ain't got no gun; but look a-here, stranger, that there little B'ar is the only part I got; he's my stiddy company an' we're almighty fond of each other. I didn't know how much I was a-goin' to miss him. Now look a-here: take back yer fifty, and give me Jack."

"If ye got five hundred cold plunks in yalle' ye kin get him; if not, you walk straight to that tree that an' don't drop yer hands or turn or I'll fire. Now start."

Mountain etiquette is very strict, and Lan, being without weapons, had to give in, though he never ceased to regret the loss of his fury "p'ard" who was carried away to "pit in" a cruel term of weeks at a ranch hotel. But he broke away, one fortunate hour, and strode back to his birthplace among the pines on the mountain of Talla.

Here the hankering for flesh came strong upon him, inspired by the smell

of the great Grizzly disposed of the

o' her horses and men is equally graphic,

and at the end of the fight, "the riders

slipped their ropes in fear, and the Mon-

arch, rumbling, roaring, bounding,

threw them off in peace, while the remnant of the gallant crew went, sadly muttering, back."

The Canadian edition of this book is

brought out by Messrs. Morang Co.

new Canadian romance, entitled *The Manitoban*, by Henry H. Bashford, author of *Tommy Widgeawake*. The story deals with pioneer life and has for its hero Roddy, the type of a young and lustier people "upon whom in days long past the more decadent East shall come to lean, the true Heir, born of the old traditions, but the product of a new and simple life; the true Heir, sound, sane, and intrepid, facing the future in the might of optimism."

This sounds promising, and will certainly be an advance upon the miserable Manitoba tale which Mr. Cullum recently inflicted on the public.

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## Stories of Charles Kean and Macready.

AMES COLEMAN, the English actor and manager, who died last April, has many amusing stories to tell about Charles Kean and Macready, with both of whom he acted, in his *Fifty Years of an Actor's Life*.

When only fifteen to sixteen years old Coleman played minor parts in a number of plays with Mr. and Mrs. Kean at Belfast. Illustrative of Kean's inability to pronounce the consonants "m" and "n," and his habit of talking as if he had a cold in his head, Coleman tells a number of stories.

"In the first scene with Jarvis in *The Gamester*," says Coleman, "he begins by inquiring, 'Well, Jarvis, what says the world of me?' I'll tell thee what it says. It's all in a rascal friend, a faithless husband, a cruel father—in one short word, it calls me *Gamester*! In *Shylock* he was wont to say:

"'You take by life  
 When you do take the beans whereby I live.'

"But his most unfortunate slip occurred in the last line of *Money*, where Evelyn says that, in order to enjoy the good things of life, we require 'plenty of money.' In this situation Kean always brought down the house by sarcastically remarking that the one thing necessary to complete our happiness is 'plenty of pretty'!"

Kean, according to Coleman, was very fond of his wife, whose Christian name was Nelly, but which Mr. Kean's vocal disability turned into "Delly."

One night, at Belfast, these charming people played *The Gamester* and *The Wonder* to a house crowded from floor to ceiling. So crowded was it, that the audience drove the musicians out of the orchestra; then, encroaching still further, they invaded the stage, and at last actually ascended into the flies! Strange as it may appear, there seemed nothing incongruous in that awful last scene being enacted in the semi-circle of eager and excited auditors in the garb of the sixteenth century.

"In accordance with the usual 'business,' as Mrs. Beverley was being led off from the stage she gave a piercing, heartrending shriek, and precipitating herself on the body of Beverley exclaimed, 'Oh, my Charley, my poor dear, you are not dead—say you are not dead, dearie!'

"Deuce a bit! But you are squashing me, darling," responded the recumbent Beverley.

"Never mind that—only tell me—tell me, Charley, you are not dead?"

"I am telling you, Delly. But there! Away you go and get dressed for Violante."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Kean, immediately recovering herself, and springing up; it's wonderful I should have forgotten about *The Wonder*. By your leave, ladies and gentlemen!" And so, with a stately curtsey, she made her way through the crowd to her dressing-room. Kean's acting must have been illusive indeed to have produced such an impression on his wife.

Sir Coleman has several stories to tell about Macready. Macready was accustomed to hesitating at brief intervals in his speech. Coleman appeared with Macready once in *Lear*, and distinguished himself in this manner: "In *Lear* he had a small part of a few lines," says Coleman. "It was my duty to assist in carrying the 'eminent one' off the stage when he is supposed to fall asleep in the Heath scene. At that time it was the fashion to wear garter-bottomed trousers. My continuations fitted like my skin, and I was strapped up within an inch of my life. The moment had arrived when I had to lift up the sleeping King. I was in doubt as to whether my precious pantaloons (they were quite new) would stand the strain. While I paused, dubitating as to whether I might venture on the experiment, Lear muttered impatiently, 'Err—now then, sir—err—look alive!'

"I hesitated no longer, but bent up."

"Each corporal agent to this terrible feat!"

"When lo! Bang! smash! went my unfortunate pants in every direction! Mac, whose eyes were closed, and who was utterly oblivious of my misfortune, growled like a bear with a sore head."

"Err—err—am I to lie here until the middle of next—err—week? Why the—err—don't you lift—err—me up?"

"Because I can't, sir!"

"Then why the—err—err—can't you?"

"Because I've burst my bags!" I exclaimed, as I bolted midst peals of laughter which arose in every direction, even the grave and saturnine Mac himself roaring as lustily as the rest."



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## Anecdotal.

Ian Maclaren recounted this story in a lecture on Scottish humor: In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbor called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued was thus: "Cauld?" "Ay." "Guan to be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'." "Ay." "Is John in?" "Ou, ay! he's in." "Can I see him?" "Na." "But a wint'd tan see him." "Ay, but we canna see him John's deid." "Deid?" "Ay." "Sudden?" "Ay." "Verra sudden?" "Ay." "Verra sudden." "Did he say anything about a pot o' green pent afore he deid?"

A member of the faculty of the University of Chicago tells of the sad case of a young woman from Indiana who was desirous of attaining social prominence in Chicago. Soon after her arrival there she made the acquaintance of a student at the university to whom she took a great fancy. Evidently it was at this time that she realized for the first time her early education had been neglected, for she said to a friend: "I suppose that, as he is a college man, I'll have to be awfully careful what I say. What'll I talk about to him?" The friend suggested history as a safe topic. To her friend's astonishment, she took the advice seriously, and shortly commenced in earnest to "bone up" in English history. When the young man called the girl listened for some time with ill-concealed impatience to his talk of football, outdoor meets, dances, etc., but finally she decided to take the matter in her own hands. She had not done all that reading for nothing; so, a pause in the conversation affording the desired opportunity, she suddenly exclaimed, with considerable vivacity: "Wasn't it awful about Mary, Queen of Scots?" "Why, what's the matter?" stammered the student, confused. "My gracious!" almost yelled the girl from Indiana; "didn't you know? Why, the poor thing had her head cut off!"

A country sexton in England officiated at a funeral clad in a red waistcoat. At the conclusion of the obsequies, the vicar gently remonstrated with the old gravedigger, saying: "Robert, you should not wear a red waistcoat at a funeral; it hurts the feelings of the mourners." Robert replied, placing his hand on his breast: "Well, what does it matter, sir, so long as the heart is black?"

Marshall P. Wilder tells this story of two little children of a Christian Science family who were taken for the first time to see a Punch and Judy show. They enjoyed it heartily until Punch finally, in a burst of anger, began to beat Judy across the head with a big stick. Whereupon the little girl, hastily covering her eyes with her hands, called out beseechingly to her brother: "Don't look at that, Teddy, don't look! It's error!"

W. L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, was the subject, at a dinner last winter, of many jokes about the mistakes that the bureau was making just then in its predictions. He took it good-naturedly, giving apt answers to all the chaffing, and scored in particular against a young physician. "Professor," said the doctor, "I'm glad of one thing—you chaps will at least admit that you make mistakes." "Oh as to that," responded Moore, carelessly, "we must, necessarily. Now, with the medical profession it's quite different. You can bury yours, you know!"

Barney Oldfield, the automobilist, has a good collection of etchings, one of them being of the leaning tower of Pisa, which hangs over his writing-desk. For a long time, he noticed that it persisted in hanging crooked, despite the fact that he straightened it every morning. At last he spoke to the maid, asking her if she was responsible for its lop-sided condition. "Why, yes," she said; "I have to hang it crooked to make the tower hang straight."

On the day after the rule went into effect that each free pass into a theater must have a stamp showing that the holder had paid ten cents toward the Actors' Fund, a well known actress presented passes at the box-office of the Harlem Opera House and handed over with them twenty cents for stamps, which she received. The next in line was a fashionably dressed woman who had watched the proceedings with interest. She bought two seats, and after receiving her change, still lingered. The treasurer asked, politely: "I gave you your change, did I not?" "Yes," she said, "I got my change, but I don't propose to be cheated. I want my trading stamps."

During his residence in Canada, Ernest Thompson Seton, the well known writer of nature books, visited Niagara often. Recently he said: "Sometimes at Niagara I would fraternize with the cabbies there. I would ask them to tell me the odd comments on the Falls that they had heard strangers and foreigners make from time to time. Many an odd comment I would come upon in this way. As odd a one as was that which an Englishman made. This Englishman, a porter in London, had come all the way across the Atlantic in December, when the rates were low, to see Niagara. The sooty had somewhat disappointed him. He said to a cabby, over a mug of ginger beer, on the night of his arrival: 'As for the Falls, they're handsome, quite so. But they don't quite answer my expectations. Besides, I got thoroughly wetted and lost me 'at. I prefer to look at 'em in a hegravin' in 'ot weather, in the house.'"

She—Isn't she some relation to Tom Jinks, the comedian? He—Sure! She's his second wife once removed.

Ella—I'm not going away from here until I'm engaged. Stella—But the place isn't open the year round.

First Society Leader—How long have the been separated? Second Society Leader—Oh, ever since they've been married.

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

## Correspondence Column

The above Correspondence is composed every grammatical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Grammatical studies must consist of at least three lines. 2. Letters must be in capital letters. 3. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own address. 4. Letters containing personal requests for names, etc. 5. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures accompanied by Coupons Enclosed unless otherwise directed.

R. H. J.—I should not judge you to be either a child or a grown-up by your writing—rather the reverse. You are a person absolutely without frills, affections or diplomacy, a practical, matter-of-fact straight-goer. You have force of character, ability to work and carrying nervous system which is only skin deep, a very finely-balanced personality. I think you are what a friend accuses me of being—"painfully obvious." It is for some of our friends and enemies an uncomfortable trait.

Lucille—June 3, the month of the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and changeth not its name, is the month of the Lake of the Woods. The scenery agrees with everyone else's. It must be adorable. Some day I should like to tell me of it in winter, what you do and how you amuse yourself. You are a very conservative, sensitive and receptive, somewhat highstrung and imaginative, and very open to the influence of environment. Your system and order are fine indeed. You should round a little more, however, than you do now. Caution, discretion, refinement, not any desire to dominate, quick feeling, warm affections and a pretty inspiration are yours.

Billy—Great enterprise, big speculation and fine self-esteem shine in this city. You are a man of twenty-four hours a day, I fancy. There is taste, pliancy, tact and a good deal of cleverness in it. It isn't a very strong or particularly reliable study, but that is of a man who is likely to be a good company, one who takes life as it comes, over-lightly maybe, but typically a sunshiny philosopher. What the study lacks in depth it has in pleasantness and in good influences would be fine.

Peblean—Is that original? I seem to have heard of it before. Your writing is full of susceptibility, very ambitious to rise, but lacking inspiration. Care, materialism, courage and some pride are shown in these lines.

Juliet—You are a power to your needs. Juliet, I often wonder when I see women spending hours over a bit of intricate fancy work, that they don't put the time into making pretty little waists and collars and girdles for practical use instead.

Now, so far as I know, you are a woman who has the artistic touch and uses her own forbearances. Your writing is not very good, so far as I can see, but it's written on blue lines. It has some good wacky traits, but won't make a satisfactory study yet.

Narragansett—Dear exile, it's a long time since the "Glorious Twelfth" on which your letter was written, April 19 brings you under Aries, the first zodiacal sign of the year—a fire sign, with the possibility of Quirks. I wish you to use unruled paper. Your study shows the effect of business interests and is probably that of a careful, alert and steady person. There is capacity for fun and frolic. In fact, many attractive and engaging traits are shown. You are a good, self-reliant, self-reliant, and your writing gives no hint of sex, though at your age that is often the case. In business hands, however, you are a boy; you are a very good sort of boy. I am not finding the notion you're the other thing.

A Farmer's Wife—August 6 makes you a child of Leo, the lion, a fire sign, and under the influence of the sun also. Your writing is excellent, honest, frank, sensible. You are a good, good person. You are told that it is crude, but that is natural in it, and it has excellent discretion and fairly good force, with here and there lines of refinement and taste. I am sure you like to work and would enjoy having some pretty things about you. You are adaptable and creative.

Pete Barnes—Dear fellow in Narragansett. How nice of you to visit the editor! Aye, I was having a great time that day. It was the day that Jack the guide and I went out from Petrie's to explore the Grand Canyon. We took the narrow, mountain-tortured cliff-ordered, exquisitely river of the west side of Newfoundland. Thank you for making me think of it again! And oh, how dreched and dreary it can be at eight, beating the air for two hours against the wind and snipping salt seas. I can scarce believe I did it. Your nature is generous and affectionate, you love the good things of life and the soft corners. You can take a well-earned rest of yourself. You are not lightly to be swayed or driven. Good cheer and good feeling are yours, and a certain bounteous materialism and courage and independence.

A Mascot—The character is strong and sustained, likely to have many inner possibilities, unperceived by the outer world. Sometimes discretion is lacking, but the self-depreciation is not remarkably frank or diffuse. Self-depreciation is not always wise. The tone of the study is reserved and repressed. There are no hooks to the notion that it is correct, decided, inevitable, it seems to me.

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# MUSIC

SAYE, the Belgian violin virtuoso, re-appeared in Toronto on Monday night before an immense audience at Massey Hall. When Ysaye played

there on a previous occasion in association with two artists almost as great as himself, namely, Messrs. Marteau, violinist, and Jean Gerardy, violoncellist, to say nothing of M. Aime Lachauze, who assisted at the piano, the attendance was very slim and discouraging.

The changed attitude of the public towards him as evidenced by the crowded auditorium on Monday is one of those mystifying phenomena which cannot be reasonably explained. I cannot say that I took as much pleasure in Ysaye's playing this time as I did when he first appeared here at the Pavilion music hall. Strange to say, he seemed to have lost something in temperament; his harmonics were rather thin as compared with those of Kubelik and Sarasate, and his execution in the close of his quick movements sounded well, slightly ragged. Some allowance must be made for the absorption of sound by the four thousand people present, and the unusually high temperature of the hall. His large and yet smooth and velvety tone was, however, well in evidence in his cantabile, in his adagios and andantes. The theme of the Andante, for instance, of the *Kreutzer Sonata*, erroneously called an adagio in the programme, was beautifully finished in tone and phrasing, but in the second variation—the first for the violin—the delivery of the delicate staccato lacked that delightful roundness and lightness, the crystalline purity that made Sarasate's playing of this particular page of the sonata so entrancing. The concerted variations in which the interest is divided between the piano and violin seemed, moreover, to want easy grace and flexibility. The first quick movement, which, by the way, contains many ungracious passages across the strings, would, I think, have gained in breadth had it been taken at a more moderate pace. In such a movement the violin is very unevenly matched with the modern grand piano, and to take it even a little faster than usual handicaps the short notes of the violin still more. The final presto was on the whole more satisfactory, and the dance-like theme was trippingly articulated by the *maestro's* agile bow. The position given to the *Kreutzer* on the programme was decidedly bad. It would have been better placed at the end of the first part or at the beginning of the second. When it was played, the audience were beginning to think how late it was. M. Ysaye's colleague in this sonata was M. Jules de Befve, a player of well-advanced technique, and who, on the whole, displayed much judgment and tact both in the ensemble work and the accompaniments to other numbers. The violinist's solos were: Bruch's second concerto, the slow movement of which was finely interpreted, Wilhem's transcription of Wagner's *Stiegfried Idyl*, Schumann's *Abendlied* and Handel's *Sonata in G minor*, for the piano part of this is, after all, but accompaniment. The Handel work is not familiar here, and the audience were charmed with the beautifully melodic adagio which seemed almost to have been inspired by modern spirit. Ysaye's treatment of the whole sonata was artistic. The Wagner number revealed to great advantage the soloist's command of beautiful nuances of tone. The *Abendlied*, in which the muted was employed, was a little cloying. Solo violinists use the muted because they cannot play softly enough without it, but because they desire the particular timbre which the little accessory imparts. But to my mind the *Abendlied* does not call for this particular tone character. The vocalist was Miss Hope Morgan, who once more scored a brilliant success and whose lyrics were sung with much sweetness and charm. The best appreciated song was, perhaps, German's *Who'll buy my Lascader?*

Mr. Douglas Bertram, the clever young Torontonian, who is completing his studies in Berlin, Germany, was solo pianist at an important concert in Stuttgart on the evening of the 30th ult., when he played with much success Brahms' *Klavierstücke*, Op. 76, and Chopin's Scherzo in E. On the evening of the 8th inst. he played with the Philharmonic Orchestra of Heilbronn, Wurtemburg, Tschaikowsky's Concerto in B flat Minor, again winning high praise for both technique and style.

The second of the Goarh, Winter and Leeming *Soirées Musicales*, which takes place next Thursday, December 1, will bring home two former Toronto favorites, Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Robinson, now residing in New York. These artists will assist Mr. J. D. A. Tripp on that occasion. Mr. Robinson having been the conductor of the Male Chorus Club one season and Mr. Tripp being its present conductor, the Club will be largely represented at the recital.

Miss Eugenie Quenen appeared at a recital in Berlin, Ont., on the evening of the 15th inst., and was most successful in her programme numbers, being frequently recalled. The Berlin *Telegraph* comments as follows on her playing: "There was a consensus of opinion among those who heard her that Miss Quenen, who has been pursuing her post-graduate studies under Mr. A. S. Vogt, easily takes rank as the most finished artist on the piano that has ever appeared before a Berlin audience. Her playing was characterized by a breadth of style, purity and sonority of tone, and brilliancy of technique, combined with warmth of feeling, seldom found among pianists. While working up many of her crescendos to brilliant climaxes she always seemed to secure the maximum

of volume without the sacrifice of musical tone, so common among pianists. Miss Quenen played the beautiful Chopin Ballade in G minor as an opening number, the poetical touches and tone color being exquisite, while the difficulties with which it fairly tripped vanished before her brilliant technique. Among other numbers of a different style played were Macdowell's *Shadow Dance*, and the rhythm, delicacy of tone and pearl-like runs fair captivated her hearers."

Of Mrs. Minnie Fish-Griffin, the gifted Chicago soprano, who will appear at the County Orange Lodge concert in Massey Hall on Tuesday, Nov. 29, the Minneapolis *Tribune* says: "It required a very short time for Mrs. Griffin to establish herself in the good graces of her audience. Most of the songs were chosen with a view to showing one of her greatest accomplishments—the singing of dainty, brilliant songs in half-voice with the most



Mrs. Minnie Fish-Griffin.

finished technique and a world of expression. Her tone production is admirable, and she sings as clearly as a bird, and has a perfect enunciation. That she has real power was shown in two selections—Michaela's aria from *Carmen* and Schubert's *Die Almacht*. The majestic style of the latter was well handled, and the pathetic appeal of Michaela was exquisitely rendered."

On Saturday afternoon a recital was given at the Toronto College of Music by piano and vocal pupils of Mrs. R. A. Howson. Following are the names of those who took parts: Piano—Olive Hendershot, Molna O'Connor, Gertrude McKnight, Edna Wandle, Ruth McCowan; Vocal—Bertha McDonald, Leonore Spencer, Beatrice Fiegau, Kathleen Cameron, Annie Mason, Ruth McCowan, Lillian Watson, Ethel Huntton, Florence Green.

Mr. Chester W. Scott has received the appointment of bass soloist of Cooke's Church. Mr. A. E. Semple, musical director, Zion Congregational Church, speaks of his work as follows: "I have much pleasure in stating that Mr. Chester Scott, basso, has on several occasions officiated as soloist at Zion Congregational Church, Toronto, with great success. His repertoire is a large one, including excerpts from standard oratorios as well as a miscellany of sacred songs, his rendition of which not only evidenced a voice of great natural beauty, but exhibited an ease of method and clearness of enunciation quite beyond the average. I should bespeak for Mr. Scott a brilliant career in his chosen profession." Mr. Scott is a pupil of Nora Kathleen Jackson.

One of the most prominent living English composers, Mr. S. Coleridge-Taylor, has been in Washington and Baltimore last week to conduct concerts. It is well known that his father was an African, his mother an English woman. He himself is only twenty-nine years old, and he has just been appointed conductor of the Handel Society in London. He considers conducting a much larger and better field than composing, although his *Hucathra* and several others of his works have enjoyed unusual popularity in England. To a reporter of the Washington *Evening Star* he spoke entertainingly about negro music. He was asked his opinion of coon songs, he answered:

"The worst sort of rot. In the first place there is no melody, and in the second place there is no real negro character or sentiment in these 'coon songs.' However, I will not object to the term 'coon songs.' They may be that; but they are not negro melodies. 'Few real negro melodies have ever been heard in this country, or in England, for that matter. Of all the alleged negro songs with which Americans are so familiar, I doubt if any have not been adulterated, as it were. Something has been added or something forgotten. A prominent French musician recently made a tour through that portion of Africa where the original negro lives and flourishes. He visited many districts where no white man had ever been, and he collected songs and melodies which I think are charming. At least they have the advantage of being absolutely new, none of them ever having been heard in either England or America. I am now at work on a volume which will include these, and also the few from the country which I believe to be pure. I am also at work on what may be termed symphonic piano-forte selections, based on negro melodies of both America and Africa."

Last May the London newspapers related the story of the accidental discovery at Leicester of the long-lost score of Wagner's *Rule Britannia* overture. Further particulars regarding the fate of this score are now supplied to the London *Times* by Kathleen Schlesinger, who writes:

"The great wish of the people to

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

*Rule Britannia* has now for the second time been given to the British people. Setting aside her own wishes that the youthful work might remain unpublished, Madame Wagner has graciously granted the rights of performance and publication for the whole world to the London firm of Metzler & Co.

"Composed in 1740 by Dr. Arne for his masque of *Alfred*, in commemoration of the accession of George I, the song speedily won favor as the British political hymn. Wagner himself declared that the first eight notes of *Rule Britannia* embodied the whole character of the British people.

"The fate of the score itself, as far as it is known, is not without interest. The preliminary sketch, which is in the archives at Bayreuth, bears the date 1836, but the overture was composed at Königsberg in March, 1837, and was performed once there, and once in Riga, under Wagner's own direction. On the occasion of his first short visit to London, in 1839, when en route to Paris from Riga, Wagner handed over the score to the Philharmonic Society with the hope that it would be performed—a hope which was not realized; the MS. was returned to Wagner's lodgings and the landlord forwarded it to Paris, without, however, preparing the postage. Wagner, not choosing to be molested by the heavy fee, refused the package. It would be a mistake to assume that the master set a low value on his work; he had retained the orchestral parts in his possession, and was independent. These parts perished when the Dresden Opera House was burned to the ground in 1869, but a copy of the score fortunately survived. What eventually became of the returned package containing the original manuscript and how it came into the possession of Mr. Thomas, from whom it was purchased, together with a truckload of manuscript music by Mr. Gamble, remains a mystery."

The Brantford *Courier* has the following to say of one of Mr. Arthur Blight's pupils: "The tenor soloist, Mr. Edouard Baumann of Toronto, is without doubt one of, if not the best tenors, ever heard in the city. He has a splendid voice of very high range and exquisite clearness. His articulation is quite perfect and his stage presence very pleasing. He made a decidedly favorable impression and will be listened to with pleasure at any future appearance."

Mr. W. Herbert Thompson, a pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight, has been appointed baritone soloist of Broadway Tabernacle.

Miss Grace Merry gave an eloquent recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening, November 22, under the distinguished patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark. Miss Merry was assisted by Miss Ethel Powell, soprano, Mr. Harold Jarvis, tenor, Mrs. H. M. Blight, accompanist, and the Glioma-Marsciano orchestra.

The Meister Glee Singers, a male quartette from England, gave a very enjoyable concert in Massey Hall on Thursday evening of last week. They sing great refinement and with a perfection of intonation and ensemble but rarely heard. In expression, accent and rhythm they are like many other English quartettes, somewhat placid. The audience were delighted with them, and recognized their fine work with numerous encores. Their selections included Kidder's glee, "Lull Me to Sleep," a nice entr'acte in subdued singing; Edgar's "Wilt Thou Find Thee," "The Old Folks at Home," with imitation banjo accompaniment by Van der Mees, which made a great hit, and a bizarre number, "Sunday Funday." Two of the members of the party also sang solos with great success. They were assisted by Mr. Round Henry, a dealer in mild musical humor, something after the style of Grossmith, and Miss Ethel Henry, an accomplished actress.

"Cupid and Co." the musical farce for the week at the Prince's Theatre is a singularly tame production. The alleged humor, especially in the first act, is destitute of the essential mirth-provoking element, and the dialogue is dull. The music, by Baldwin Sloane, has no distinctive quality, and the cast of numbers awake slumbering memories of the past. The piece is beautifully mounted scenically.

An effort is being made to induce the Boston Symphony Orchestra to come to Toronto. Mr. L. E. Suckling, I am told, is moving in the matter.

Mr. Reginald M. Chase, who has been

for some years assistant organist at St. Paul's Church, Toronto, under Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, has been appointed organist and choirmaster of the Northern Congregational Church.

The first general rehearsal of the Toronto Festival Chorus was held on Tuesday evening last in Victoria Hall. Nearly every member of the chorus was present, and Dr. Torrington was much pleased with the work done. The chorus this evening will be presenting all the voices being of good quality, and each member is taking a personal interest in the success of the coming concert. The next rehearsal will be held on Tuesday, November 29, in Victoria Hall.

Mr. W. Y. Archibald has been appointed conductor of the Ladies' Choral Club of the University. The club has been reorganized, and already has a membership of 65. A very interesting programme is being studied for its concert in January.

Mr. R. Olmstead Mackay, basso, and Miss Mara Hough, contralto, lately appointed to the teaching staff of the Toronto Junction College of Music, will give a joint recital in the college hall on Tuesday, November 29. They will be assisted by Miss Brooks, pianist, and Miss McAvay, violinist.

Last May the London newspapers related the story of the accidental discovery at Leicester of the long-lost score of Wagner's *Rule Britannia* overture. Further particulars regarding the fate of this score are now supplied to the London *Times* by Kathleen Schlesinger, who writes:

"The great wish of the people to

correct appreciation of the composers' intentions in the various schools of organ-playing. The singer of the evening was Miss Hamilton Moore, who gave a refined rendering of her songs, "Sing Me to Sleep" by Green (violin obligato, to the Smith), and "Farewell's Good-bye to the Leaves." Miss Ethel Evans, talented violin pupil of F. C. Smith, played Ten Have's "Allegro Brilliant."

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## Society at the Capital.

THE numerous gaieties of the past week have had more or less an underlying note of sadness, as they have, with one or two exceptions, been given as farewells to the most popular vice-regal party Canada has ever known.

Of these the event *par excellence* was the State concert which took place on Tuesday night under the able management of Mr. Charles Harris, who is certainly to be congratulated on the excellent result which he achieved.

Never has such a brilliant gathering been witnessed in the Russell Theater, which was gorgeously decorated for the occasion and taxed to its utmost capacity. The late Governor-General, the Countess of Minto and party, composed of the Ladies Eileen, Ruby and Violet Elliot, the Honorable Esmonde Elliot, Major and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Major and Mrs. Maude, Miss Stella Maude, Captain Bell, and Mr. Guise, occupied the viceregal box, which was outlined and festooned with small electric bulbs concealed in rosebuds, showing up most effectively against the dark, rich background formed by the crimson draperies. The Countess of Minto, gowned in glistening white satin embroidered in gold sequins, with a bertha of real lace caught under a corsage knot of pink roses and having shoulder straps of brilliants, wore many beautiful jewels among which was noticed the gold nugget studded with diamonds, presented to her on the occasion of her farewell visit to Toronto. The two eldest daughters wore girlish gowns of soft white silk with touches of pink, and knots of pink tulip in their hair. Lady Eileen also wore her Toronto gift, an exquisite diamond and pearl crescent, caught in the front of her Maren's ball.

Mrs. McMurrich of Toronto is staying with Mrs. George Burn, Metcalfe street.

Mr. Jack Sifton came home from Toronto for the holiday and his mother gave a dance for "not-outs" in his honor on Friday evening. Among the many guests noticed in the spacious ballroom were, Miss Isobel Sherwood, Miss Claudia Bate, Miss Cissy Moore, Miss Gwendoline Smart, Miss Oswald Hawcock, Miss Katie Christie, Miss Lillias Ahearn, and Mr. Elbert Soper, Mr. Hugh Fraser, Mr. Allan Powell, Mr. Monty Bell, Mr. Frank Ahearn and Mr. Geoffrey Maynard.

Miss Jessie Gilmour, Miss Gladys Irwin, Miss Marion Lindsay, Miss Isobel White, Mr. Ainsley Greene, Mr. Fred Hogg, Mr. Joe McDougal, and several others dined with Miss Mary Fitzpatrick on Wednesday evening, afterwards going on to Mrs. McLaren's ball.

Mrs. McMurrich of Toronto is staying with Mrs. George Burn, Metcalfe street.

The final farewell took place on Wednesday at the Drill Hall, to which the Governor-General and the Countess of Minto were escorted by a guard of honor from the Princess Louise Dragons.

Honorable Mr. Belcourt, M.P., is one of the citizens of Ottawa, presented Lady Minto with a magnificent maple leaf composed entirely of diamonds and measuring about four inches across. This was enclosed in a heart-shaped case of bird's-eye maple with Lady Minto's monogram wrought in green enamel on the cover. After the presentation, the Countess spoke her thanks in that sweet, gracious manner so exclusively her own, shaking hands with all present. The gaily decorated streets were thronged with people, who, as the vice-regal party drove by on their way to the station, sent up a lusty cheer. The station was literally packed with representatives from every class of life, and as the train moved slowly out with Lord and Lady Minto and their beautiful family waving a last farewell from the rear platform, the band played *Auld Lang Syne*, and one could not help a feeling of deep regret tugging at one's heart-strings, for the charming Countess with her sweet and winning children have won the hearts of all who have had the good fortune to come in contact with them.

Among the smaller farewell festivities, and one of the most enjoyable, was a tea given by the Misses Ritchie in honor of the Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliot, who were daintily dressed in white serge with large white picture hats. Major and Mrs. Maude were also the *raison d'être* of two charming little luncheons. One on Tuesday was given by Mrs. Gemmill of "Cliffside," the guests being Lady Taschereau, Mrs. H. P. Wright, Mrs. Robert Bell, Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. C. J. Smith, Mrs. Avery, Madame Belcourt, and Mrs. Lyons Bagger. Monday's claimed as its hostess Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, who invited Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Exshaw, Mrs. Vidal, Mrs. Avery, Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Miss Ritchie, and Mrs. Rutherford, to say good-bye to Mrs. Maude.

Ottawa, November 21, 1904.

THE CHAPERONE.

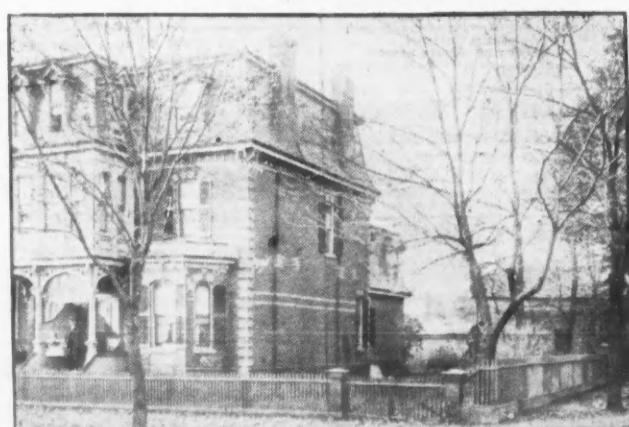
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Here are half a dozen Special offerings which are suggestive of Important Fur values

No. 29	A handsome Natural Stone Marten Victorian, 92 inches long, trimmed with 12 tails, 2 heads, cheville fastener.	\$ 60.00
No. 30	A very stylish grey Snow Marten, 84 inches long, blouse style. No. choice selected skins.	95.00
No. 31	Our handsome "Countess" Model Pe sian Lamb jacket, prine No. 1, choicest Lamb skins, beauti of dark Mink collar, revers and cuffs, n.w sleeve, long du front, handsome silk girdle. Special at	150.00
No. 40	Handsome, natural, 3-8 fine Empire Mink Muffs, best sat n lining. Special	30.00
No. 41	A pretty Grey Rust in Squirrel Muff, Empire shape lined all through with heavy satin. Special, \$10.50, and many trimmed at	15.00
No. 42	An elegant, large, Empire shape, Natural Mink Muff, trimmed with four Mink tails and Natural Mink paws. Special	35.00

17 to 31 King St. East. 10 to 16 Colborne St. Toronto.

#### An Old U.C.C. Poet at it Again.

Mr. Stephen Leacock, the incurable humorist of McGill University professorial staff, contributes the following poem to *Life*. If any of those who occupied the roots known as the "fifth form flat" at Upper Canada College, ten or twelve years ago, still live—which seems improbable—they will squirm with delight at this evidence of Mr. Leacock's persistence:

#### THE CONSTANT READER.

From the books that appear  
In the course of the year  
I turn with decided *ennui*,  
And a feeling of strain  
At the back of the brain.  
Is it something in them or in me?

Those historical tales  
Of Old France and Old Wales,  
In days when there never was peace,  
With terrific attacks  
Made by Otto the Axe  
On Guido the Gimlet of Nice,—  
I read that collection  
With just one reflection,—  
Thank Heaven, we have the police!

Nor can I endorse  
The remarkable course  
Of some recent narratives rude,  
Where the writer takes jaunts  
To the animals' haunts  
And shows us their life in the nude;  
Such as "Traps I Have Set,"  
Or "Bears I Have Met,"  
Or "Beasts I Have Tried to Elude."

There's the nautical tale,  
Where they keep "making sail."

A ludicrous statement, if true,  
Implying that sailors  
Are amateur tailors,  
With no occupation in view.

Then in dangerous cases,  
They just "shift their braces."

It's called "tight squeeze" when  
they do.

They're a skipper who rages  
Through two hundred pages,

Profanely abusing the crew;

He won't give them enough

Of the poorest plum duff.—

A mutiny's bound to ensue.

But the skipper stays drunk  
In his eighteen-inch bunk,

Just letting the mutiny "brew."

More than all do I watch

For the novel in Scotch;

Its merit I freely admit.

It only needs telling

With rational spelling

To make a miraculous hit;

But when I see "braw,"

"Uncle guid," "hoot awa,"

I get indigestion and quit.

I think if we saw

A new criminal law,

That if anyone enters the ranks

Of those who write fiction

And perpetrates fiction,

Apparently Gaelic or Manx,

The offence every time

Is a capital crime,

The law would be greeted with

thunks.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

#### California.

The Chicago & North-Western Ry has issued a new publication entitled *California*. It contains a beautiful colored map of the State, a list of hotels at California tourist resorts with their capacity and rates; and a most interesting series of pictures showing California's resources and attractions. The prospective visitor and settler should be in possession of a copy of this profusely illustrated folder. Sent to any address on receipt of two cents in stamps. Low rates from all points. B. H. Bennett, 2 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

#### PRIVATE NUMBER.

When subscribers do not wish their addresses published they may request us to attach a number to the announcement, and all replies will then be addressed to that number at our office, and forwarded by us free. Or, if desired, we will endeavor to effect the transaction without introducing the negotiating parties to each other.

November 26, 1904

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

15



Wood interior showing inglenook designed and executed by The United Arts and Crafts, Limited, Cor. King & Yonge Sts., over Grand Trunk Office. High-class decorators and furniture-makers, also makers of interior woodwork, office fittings, etc. Workshops 1012 Yonge St. We invite you to visit our Studios.



The marriage of Miss Helen E. Campbell, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Campbell of the Junction, and Mr. George S. Deeks of St. Paul, Minn., took place on Wednesday afternoon at half-past two o'clock. The George C. Pidgeon of Victoria Presbyterian Church officiating, at the residence of Mr. Campbell on the same street. The house was beautifully decorated with hundreds of splendid white 'mums' and garlands and festoons of asparagus fern; huge palms made a bower in the hallway, where an orchestra played. The ceremony took place in the bay window of the drawing-room, four ribbon girls appearing to assist in the space for the wedding group. The girls were Miss Margaret Campbell of St. Thomas, Miss Mabel Deeks of Toronto, Miss Florence Gibson of Beamsville (a radiant beauty who will be remembered as assisting at Mrs. Warren Darling's post-nuptial reception) and Miss Mary Watson of the Junction. Mrs. Spencer Stone of Chatham was the bride's mother of honor, in a white gown mounted in primrose silk, with a picture hat and a sheaf of golden 'mums'. Miss Jean Gibson was bridesmaid in an exquisite dress of embossed chiffon, with a white hat touched with mauve and a bouquet of violets. The ribbon girls were particularly graceful in white point d'esprit and tulie veils with crowns of diamond maiden-hair ferns. Dr. Deeks, brother of the groom, was best man. Mr. Archibald and Mr. Douglas Campbell were the ushers. The bride and groom received congratulations after the ceremony, and then led the way to the dining-room, and Hors d'oeuvre, which were thrown into one and used for the serving of an elaborate déjeuner. The table was beautifully done in white and green with 'mums' and ferns. Some very handsome gifts were given. Senator Gibson proposing the health of the bride and groom, and Dr. Gilmore that of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. Some very elegant gifts filled an upper room—a handsome cabinet of silver, a splendid winged mirror, and all sorts of cut-glass, rare china, silver and pictures—beside a splendid lot of fancy work from girl friends. Mr. and Mrs. Deeks have gone to New York on their honeymoon and will live in St. Paul. A few of the guests at the ceremony were Dr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Miss Gilmore, Senator and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLeod, Miss Eille McLeod, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. Lister, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Blewett, Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Heintzman, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Darling, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Watts of Brantford (nee Jennings), and many others.

Mr. Edwin R. Thomas of Buffalo spent some days in town with his son and daughter, Mr. Edwin and Miss Elizabeth Thomas, who were among the young folks enjoying Government House dance. Mrs. Thomas was a guest at the King Edward.

I was glad to hear that Colonel Young is much better, after a serious illness at Wolesey Barracks, London. Mrs. Nelles of Brantford, mother of Major Nelles, Stanley Barracks is also much better.

Mrs. Alphonse Jones has returned from a pleasant visit in New York.

Captain and Mrs. Kay of Wolesey Barracks are to spend some time in Kingston with Colonel and Mrs. Buchan, while Captain Kay takes a military course. Colonel Buchan was in town this week to attend the funeral of his sister, Miss Buchan, whose death is recently regretted by her family and friends. I hear that Mrs. Buchan is immensely popular in Kingston, and has until the sad event aforesaid been about a great deal in the gay world of the Limestone City.

A musical in aid of surgical appliances is on the table for the evening of December 6. The event will take place at Assembly Hall, Victoria College. Good talent has been secured for an interesting programme.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Mme. Philomene Roy of Montreal and Monsieur Armand La Vergne, only son of Judge and Madame La Vergne. Monsieur Armand La Vergne is the youngest member of the Dominion Parliament, and a very talented and handsome fellow, and his bride-elect is a charming girl.

Next Friday evening, Dec. 2, a song recital by Mrs. Charles E. Birmingham of New York will be given at St. Margaret's College.

Dr. H. A. Bray, Ontario street, honor graduate Trinity Medical College, has left for Edinburgh to take a post graduate course. Afterwards he will go to the hospitals in London.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Watson, only daughter of Mr. Richard Watson, Brampton, to Dr. Victor L. Garritt, of Detroit. Their wedding will take place early in December.

Mrs. C. H. Mortimer received for the first time on Monday afternoon, in her pretty new home, 132 Crescent Road, being very busy welcoming the stream of guests who each and all had many kind words of congratulation for her. Her sister, Mrs. E. F. Clarke, poured tea.

Mr. Geo. A. Kingston has sold his house in Maple avenue, Rosedale, and for the winter will be at the Chateau Bonheur (Mrs. Sorley's), 582 Sherbourne St., where Mrs. Kingston will be at home on the first Monday of each month.

Mrs. T. H. Hall of 28 Admiral road will not receive again till the New Year, as she has left for a trip to New York and Washington.

Mrs. Archibald Milroy, who has been the guest of Mrs. Willmott, 103 College St., has taken apartments for the winter at 56 Murray St.



33 34 35 36 37

## Xmas Gifts

Make a wise selection in the matter of Xmas presents by buying something useful as well as ornamental. Nothing so good as a fur stole, scarf or ruff.

Here's a page from our new Catalogue. If you don't see anything to tempt you here, visit our showrooms.

No. 33—Two skin Fox Scarf, double fur or satin lined, trimmed with own tails, \$30.00

No. 34—Alaska Sable Scarf, natural, four skins. No. 1 quality ..... \$20.00  
No. 2 quality ..... \$18.00  
Same style in dyed Alaska Sable ..... \$12.50 and \$14.00

No. 35—Handsome Mink Stole, with four hand tie of Mink, with white on one side. No. 1 quality ..... \$10.00  
No. 2 quality ..... \$9.00  
No. 3 quality ..... \$8.00

No. 36—Black Fox Scarf, two skins, six black Sable tails ..... \$25.00

No. 37—German Mink Scarf, 2 skins, 6 tails ..... \$10.00

The W. & D. Dineen Co., Limited Cor. Yonge and Temperance Streets, Toronto.

## Shoemaking in the Black Forest.

During the past summer, many little parties were made up in the city to spend a Saturday to Monday visit at "Erindale," the beautiful residence and farm of Mr. and Mrs. S. Price, about eighteen miles west. The way and means of travel was varied, some taking advantage of the splendid Dundas road by driving, riding, or motoring, others going by train, the station being on the farm. Being one of the fortunate friends of the family, I had the pleasure of being under their care once this summer and my remembrance of the beautiful surroundings will never be forgotten. The Credit River has a winding course through the property, which is very picturesque, and reminds one of the regions of Muskoka. The fine residence is situated on a high cliff overlooking the beautiful river, affording a splendid view for miles around. I am told that this property was once the estate of the late Wm. McGrath, a well-known and highly respected gentleman, who resided there during life with his family, to whom much admiration is expressed at his idea and taste of a country home by all those who have visited this beautiful spot.

The following are the out-of-town visitors to the United Arts and Crafts Studio the past two weeks: Mr. Arthur G. Drexel, Philadelphia; Mr. George R. R. Morris, London, Eng.; Miss Ronoy, Ottawa; Miss Thelma, Miss Hamilton; Miss Alice Hamilton, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. H. C. Marlatte, Mrs. Harry Marlatte, Mrs. Marlatte, Simcoe; Miss J. Meyer, New York City; Mrs. F. R. Eccles, Elwood Place, London; Mrs. W. C. Clark, Quebec; Mr. C. Thompson, Brampton; Miss A. E. Hobbs, Guelph; Mrs. George McKeon, Simcoe; Mrs. G. J. McConnell, Jr., Guelph; Mrs. E. B. Donley, Simcoe; Mr. Fred T. Brooks, Simcoe; Mrs. D. L. White, Midland; Mrs. Cameron, London; Mrs. W. B. Buchanan, Winnipeg; Mrs. A. A. Stewart, Woodstock; Miss I. H. Miller, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Francis Johnson, London, Eng.; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. McGregor, Galt; Miss Brophy, Ottawa.

The prevalent idea of an electric chandelier is something made up of brass or bronze and fitted with glass shades. The endeavor to produce something new, however, has led the best designers of the present day to make use of wood in some of their beautiful creations—mica is also used in place of glass with very good effect.

The local electric light company, in their show-rooms, show a dining-room dome fixture provided with oak shelf, which may be used as a place for steins or other ornaments.

Visitors are always cordially welcomed by the management.

St. Louis and Return for \$12.80

Via the popular and convenient train service of the Grand Trunk, through express trains leaving Toronto at 8:00 a.m. and 4:40 p.m., with Pullman sleepers, and in addition you have the privilege of stopping in Chicago, Detroit, or at any intermediate Canadian stations. Secure handsome illustrated booklet at City Office, North West corner King and Yonge Streets.



Arnold Daly as the Poet in *Candida*, at the Princess next week.

In the Grand River Valley Canada.

Up in Paris, not seventy miles from here, right in the heart of the Grand River Valley, is a natural hill-side crescent at the last curve of the Nith before it mingles its waters with the rapids on the Grand.

The crescent is naturally terraced, tier above tier, in woods and flowers, and a wide path zig-zags away to the top, where the "Big School" has stood for well on to 50 years. The view from the playground is of wondrous inland beauty, and right round about, within an arm's stretch of wherever one stands, are trees loaded with apples and nuts, so

plentiful, that with hundreds of children passing and repassing, they fall unheeded and remain ungathered.

In the crescent itself, are Mineral Springs bubbling spontaneously through rich soil under big weeping willows and pungent cedar trees. The children stop to drink the waters on their way to and from school, and strangers ask, "Whence comes the bright beauty and healthfulness of your little ones?"

Beyond the mineral springs trickle streams that petrify the mosses and leaves as they touch them in passing and underground are great mines of gypsum only begun to be developed, while a lake near by which tradition named Bottomless is found to be lined with marl of rare value.

For 50 years, Paris has talked of "doing something with the springs," but, where poverty is unknown and abundance abounds, people grow accustomed to their blessings and appear to forget that all the world is not a garden.

But now the Grand Valley Radial line is bringing people through the country and outsiders are wondering why the magnificent resources have never been developed, and artists and photographers have selected spots of characteristic beauty there, the pictures of which have been put in book form and will be out in time for Christmas giving. "In the Grand River Valley—Canada" is the name by which the gem of art is called, and 'twill be a proper gift for sending the world over.

## Travelers, Come to Cook's Turkish Baths

There is complete recuperation in a Turkish bath, a dainty supper and a cool bed in a quiet room in Cook's Turkish Baths. After a week's traveling there is nothing like it to pull a man together. The most scientific, hygienic and perfectly arranged bath on the continent. It is cosy and quiet, the atmosphere is homelike, the attendants are first-class.

Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m., during day, and all night, including sleeping accommodation, \$1.00.

## Cook's Turkish Baths

202-204 King Street West, Toronto

"It's the Quality that tells."

A Little Brandy is called for by many of the recipes for making mincemeat, while some call for rum or other liquor.

Any of the following are good for cooking purposes:

Michie's Brandy	\$1.00 bottle
" Run	1.00 "
" Sherry	65 "
" Port	65 "
" Whiskey	50 "
" Native Wine	25 "

Michie & Co.

"If it's from Michie's it's good."



A typical scene on S. Price & Son's large Dairy Farm at Erindale.

Correspondence solicited

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE**  
WEDNESDAY MATINEES SATURDAY  
Eggs Best 75-50-25 Mats Best 25 Few 50  
ABSOLUTELY THE ORIGINAL NEW YORK PRODUCTION  
The **LIBERTY Belles** Management of Fred Berger, Jr.  
40—SINGERS-DANCERS-COMEDIANS—40  
Special Feature—The Radium Ballet

**SHEA'S THEATER**  
Matinees Daily, 25. WEEK NOV. 28 Evenings 25 & 50

New York's latest success

**PEWITT**

The Mysterious Face

**The Robert Troupe**

Primer Equi-Listers

**Gracie Emmett & Co.**

Presenting "Mrs. Murphy's Second Husband"

**Louise Dresser**

With a splendid voice

**Eckert & Berg**

"The Land of Two Moons"

**Jack Norworth**

A clever comedian

**The Kinetograph**

All new views

**The Gourlay, Winter & Leeming**  
SOIREES MUSICALES

in the Banquet Room of the King Edward Hotel

**December 1st, at 8.30**

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, pianist; Mrs. M. Heslin Robinson, contralto; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor.

**The Great Specialty Co.**

112 Yonge St. Toronto, 1st Floor over Stager U.S.A.

Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight hose with strong, pliable boning. Hose supporters attached.

Imported Corsets & Health Waists

Repairing and repairing a a, mending, mending, mending.

Reliable agents wanted.

1000 Corsets a day.

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Reliable agents wanted.

1000 Corsets a day.

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1000 Corsets a day.

Repairing and repairing a a, mending, mending, mending.

Reliable agents wanted.

1000 Corsets a day.

**Free 1905 Art Calendar**  
**Armour's Extract of Beef Calendar Offer**

Six fac-simile reproductions of drawings made expressly for our use, by six well-known artists. The Ideal Head, Home Girl, Steamer Girl, Studio Girl, Society Girl, Winter Girl—arranged in six sheets (size 10x15), tied with ribbon for hanging, without advertisement, will be sent post-paid on receipt of 25¢ or metal cap from a 2, 4, 8 or 16 oz. jar of **ARMOUR'S Extract of Beef**

The Best Extract of the Best Beef for Soups, Sauces, Gravies and Beef Tea  
**ARMOUR LIMITED, Toronto**



**Ruchings, Ruffles, Flounces**  
and all kinds of fancy stitching. Orders receive prompt attention.

**A. E. Rea & Co.**  
Limited  
20 and 22 Wellington St. West  
Toronto.



**Genuine Old Violins**  
Fine Bows by Celebrated Makers

such as are used by **Ysaye, Kubelik** and others. Fine Italian strings, as used by the chief professionals and artists of the world.

We make a specialty of all high-grade violin supplies.

**The R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Limited**  
Violin Experts and Collectors  
143 Yonge Street, Toronto, Can.

#### Social and Personal.

Two of last season's brides, Mrs. Arthur Hills and Mrs. James Cooper Macdonald, each in white satin gowns, Mrs. Hughes in white silk, Mrs. D. T. Symons, Mrs. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Jack McMurrich, Mrs. Gus Burritt in a lovely lace and chiffon gown, Mrs. Shirley Denison in a pretty black net over white silk, were, with their husbands, guests at Government House dinner on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. T. Gilmour, who has taken the Misses Kirkpatrick's pretty house in Lower avenue for the season, had some friends for tea on Thursday to meet Mrs. Fulford of Brockville.

Mr. and Mrs. Brock have been fortunate enough to secure a nice apartment in the St. George, after vainly searching for a house and Mrs. Brock will receive on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 16th, her marriage. As Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Brock was one of the popular young matrons in Kingston, and before that a Halifax belle, and she will be as popular in Toronto, where she already has many friends.

Mrs. Cotton of Sandina avenue gave a tea yesterday to introduce her daughter, Miss Ethel Cotton, who is one of the season's prettiest debutantes. The hostess wore pale grey crepe de Chine, with white lace and violets, and the debutante was in white embroidered net over satin, with chiffon frillings, and carried a sheaf of pink roses. The drawing-room was done in pink, with roses and carnations, and the dining-room, a "red" room, was further brightened by white and red roses. Mrs. Warnecke was in charge of the tea-room.

Mrs. J. Franklin Dawson, 494 Spadina avenue, gave a pretty tea on Wednesday afternoon, at which many ladies were guests. Mrs. Dawson received in her upstairs drawing-room, looking very handsome in a gown of sequined lace over rose silk. She was assisted by Mrs. Walker. Tea was served in the dining-room, on the suite of recent French lawn chairs, where Mrs. Dawson poured tea and coffee in a very dainty table set with good things and decorated with pink roses and lily of the valley, and Mrs. D'Esnard, looking very sweet, in a turquoise dress and large white hat, served tea at another table. The orchestra stationed upstairs played very sweetly during the tea. Miss Grace Carter, Miss Bethune, and others were in the tea-room.

Mrs. J. M. MacKenzie gave a charming tea on Thursday at her home, 101 Madison avenue, where Mrs. Leonard Boyd was also to have held her post-nuptial receptions this week, but on account of Miss Buchan's death the receptions were postponed.

Mrs. Price Linn is giving a tea on Tuesday next at her home, 37 Carlton street, from 4:30 to 6:30. Mrs. James E. McClung is giving a tea on Wednesday next at her new residence, 128 Hunter street.

Next week we have St. Andrew's ball in the King Edward on the 20th; also the XI. P. S. P. dance at McConkey's on the same evening; the young bachelors' dance in St. George's Hall on Tuesday, and the Dental dance on Friday. One or two small private dances are also under way for next week. The results of the Elks' vaudeville entertainment are progressing, and every few days comes a tea for a debutante. By the way, did you hear the latest pet name from the East for those radiant young creatures? Fancy, only fancy, calling them "flappers!"

Mrs. Roland Hills is giving a young folks' bourse on Tuesday, Dec. 6. From sweet experience the young folks know that the prizes at these bourses are worthy of a hard struggle to win.

Mr. and Mrs. Hollway have evolved from an ordinary dwelling one of the neatest homes in St. George street. Mrs. Hollway, quick to see a good thing, has recently added to her carefully selected pictures some beautiful child studies by Laura Muntz, which her visitors were admiring last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Suydam have taken a handsome apartment in Sussex court for the winter.

A private view of foreign pictures, for which cards are out, will be held in the Woman's Art Association rooms on the evening of the eighth of December. A correspondent asks me to say whether this dance does not at some function. Most certainly, though one finds it difficult to awaken the minds of the visitors to that rule. An elegant function is always spoilt by some persons too indifferent or too obstinate to conform to polite usage.

#### Sewing Sets,

Pocket Toilets,

String Boxes,

Manicure Sets,

Pressing Cases,

Writing Fodios,

Ink Bottles,

Blotters,

Desk Sets,

Pen Wipers,

Music Holders,

Jewel Cases,

Cigar Cases in Telescope and Frame Styles.

Magazine Cigar Cases, to hold 25, 50, or 100 Cigars.

Tobacco Pouches.

Match Cases.

Card Cases for Ladies,  
Card Cases for Gentlemen,  
Combination Pocket-books.  
Hand Bags, fitted with Purse  
and Card Case.  
Shopping Bags,  
Dorothy Bags,

Leather Goods Co., Limited  
105 KING ST. WEST, Toronto.

#### Social and Personal.

#### TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



#### Order Your

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS

By Mail

From the New

### Julian Sale Catalogue No. 14 S

OF

### Traveling Goods Leather Goods and Leather Novelties

It contains ninety pages of beautiful illustrations showing the exclusive goods that we make, and from it the mail order buyer can make a selection as easily as a personal visit to our store.

**Note** We pay express charges in Ontario and make liberal allowances to other parts of Canada.

**Club Bags,  
Kit Bags,  
Cabin Bags,  
Brief Bags,  
Surgical Bags,  
Dress Trunks,  
Square Trunks,  
Steamer Trunks,  
Wardrobe Trunks,  
Sole Leather Trunks,  
Basket Trunks,**

**Fitted Suit Cases,  
Fitted Club Bags,  
Dressing Bags in  
English Styles.**

**LEATHERS we use in this year's  
Leather Goods are  
Real Sea Lion, Natural Grain Leather,  
Real Dolphin, Real Walrus,  
Dolphin Grain, Real Seal,  
Falkland Seal, French Kid,  
Fancy Alligator, Fine Suedes,  
Sea Lion Grain.**



Colors in Leathers

Dull Brown, Chocolate, Black, Burnt Orange, Navy Blue, Cement, Graphite, Olive Green and Tans.

#### Social and Personal.

A quiet but pretty house wedding took place on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clarke, Avenue road, when their eldest daughter, Clara, was united in marriage to Dr. Morley Currie, B.A., M.P.P., of Ficton, by Rev. R. Whitehead, M.A. The bride, who was given away by her father, was beautifully attired in a gown of ivory brocaded Liberty satin, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley, while a coronet of orange blossoms fastened the bridal veil. The bride's only attendant was little Miss Lorna Kingston, cousin of the bride, who, gowned in dainty white, and carrying a basket of white flowers, acted as flower girl. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clarke, grandparents of the bride, who next June will celebrate their diamond wedding. The popularity of the bride was evinced by the many handsome presents she received from those present and others. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome sunburst, and to the flower girl a pearl brooch. Dr. and Mrs. Currie left amid a shower of good wishes for New York, where they will spend their honeymoon, and on their return will go directly to their new home, Ficton, and will be at home to their friends after January 1st.

Mrs. W. R. de la Roche and Miss de la Roche have moved from the studio in Indian road to 88 Sussex avenue, where they will receive on New Year's Day.

Mrs. Charles Arthur O'Connor (nee Heyden) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her new home, 50 Law street, Toronto Junction, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, November 23rd.

Mrs. Percival W. Campbell (nee Campbell) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Thursday afternoon and evening, December 1st, at 826 Ontario street.

Although the end of November is the first three weeks of December seem to bring more social events, yet each committee is looking forward to its function as the event of the season. From the way in which all enjoyed the St. George's Hockey Club dance of last season, the younger sets are generally conceding that this dance, which is being held at McConkey's on the 16th December, will really be the foremost so far as a jolly time is concerned. The Hockey Club certainly made quite a hit in their event last year by the manner in which they carried the dance to a successful issue so limited the tickets that a people room was reserved for comfortable dancing, which is so often wanting at large affairs, I am told that everything points to such another dance as the one of last season.

Miss Madge McGill and Miss Davidson of Peterboro were in town for the D. U. dance on Thursday.

A small and jolly dance was given by the Varsity Chapter of Delta Upsilon on Thursday evening at McConkey's. The ballroom was gaily decorated with college pennants representing the various chapters of the fraternity. Supper was served in the Palm Room, the tables being decorated with chrysanthemums and the fraternity colors of blue and gold.

Mr. Robert C. MacIntyre, son of Mrs. T. M. MacIntyre (late of the Presbyterian Ladies' College), was married by Rev. Dr. MacIntyre, uncle of the groom, to Miss Jennie Richardson, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Richardson of Flesherston, in the Presbyterian church, Brampton, in the presence of immediate relatives. The bride was dressed most becomingly in a golden brown brocade traveling suit, with large picture hat to match. The happy couple left for their new home in Brampton, where Mr. MacIntyre has purchased a lovely property, known as the William Elliott estate.

All Saints' Church Willing Workers' annual bazaar will be held on Thursday and Friday, December the 1st and 2nd, from 3 to 10 p.m. Light refreshments will be served during the afternoons and high tea from 6 to 8 p.m. All Saints' orchestra will play each evening. The proceeds are in aid of the Willing Workers' fund and the reduction of debt on the Arthur Baldwin Hall.

**Flasks,  
Drinking Glasses,  
Collar and Cuff Cases,  
Playing Cards in Cases,  
Glove and Handkerchief  
Cases,  
Shaving Sets,  
Hand Mirrors,  
Brushes,  
Toilet Rolls,  
Jewel Cases,  
Stick-Pin Cases,  
Watch Wrists,  
Safety Pockets,  
Photograph Frames,  
Belts,  
Medicine Cases,  
Watch Guards,**

**Bill Folds,  
Bill Books,  
Letter Cases,  
Wallets,  
Umbrellas for Men.**

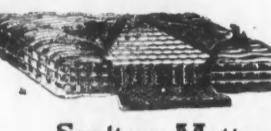
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##### Births

ANGLIN—Nov. 20, Toronto, Mrs. Arthur W. Anglin a daughter.

FORSAYTH—Nov. 19, Listowel, Mrs. B. G. P. Forsayth, a son.

HENDERSON—Nov. 17, Toronto, Mrs. A. E. Henderson, a son.

LEWIS—Nov. 21, Brockville, Mrs. W. A. Lewis, a daughter.

##### Marriages

LINN—CAMPBELL—Aug. 24, 1904, by Rev. H. A. Macpherson, Elizabeth J. Campbell to Percival G. Lynn.

CURRIE CLARKE At the residence of the bride's parents, Avenue Road, Toronto, on Wednesday evening, 24th, 1904, the bride, Clara, daughter of W. A. Clarke, 11, to Dr. Morley Currie, B.A., M.P., of Ficton, Ont.

ALLEN FINLAY—Nov. 21, Georgetown, Christina Allen, daughter of Finlay to John J. Allen.

FRY—HOLMES—Nov. 21, Suduir, Marie Beatrice Holmes to Frank D. W. Fry.

LARER PRIOR—Nov. 8, Boston, Etta Phyllis Prior to F. W. Larer.

MCNAUL—CARTERSON—Nov. 16, Suduir, Jane Fraser Robertson to Robert T. McNichol.

RUSSELL BARRETT—Nov. 12, N. 11th Bay, Edith Emily Barrett to Corson London Russell.

##### Deaths

BALLARD—Nov. 19, Schenectady, N. Y., Harriet Amelia Mo ph Ballard.

BOLSTER—Nov. 17, Toronto, Launcelot Bolster.

BUCHAN—Nov. 21, Toronto, Jean Buchan.

CARTER—Nov. 21, Port Colborne, Mary Fielding Carter, aged 75 years.

DURAND—Nov. 20, Eglington, Charles A. Durand, aged 74 years.

GOODERHAM—Nov. 21, Pipetown, Man., Archibald Gooderham.

HART—Nov. 21, Toronto, Frances May Hart, aged 26 years.

HELLIWELL—Nov. 20, Thomas Hellwell, aged 75 years.

HOLLYSHED—Nov. 21, Newmarket, James Henry Hollyshed, aged 53 years.

LARKIN—Nov. 21, Whitevale, Josephine O'Leary Larkin, aged 27 years, 9 months.

MCINTOSH—Nov. 20, Ingersoll, Margaret S. McIntosh.

MUFFELMAN—Nov. 20, Toronto, Hannah Muffelman, aged 50 years.

NEWMAN—Nov. 19, Castleton, William J. Newman, aged 61 years.

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